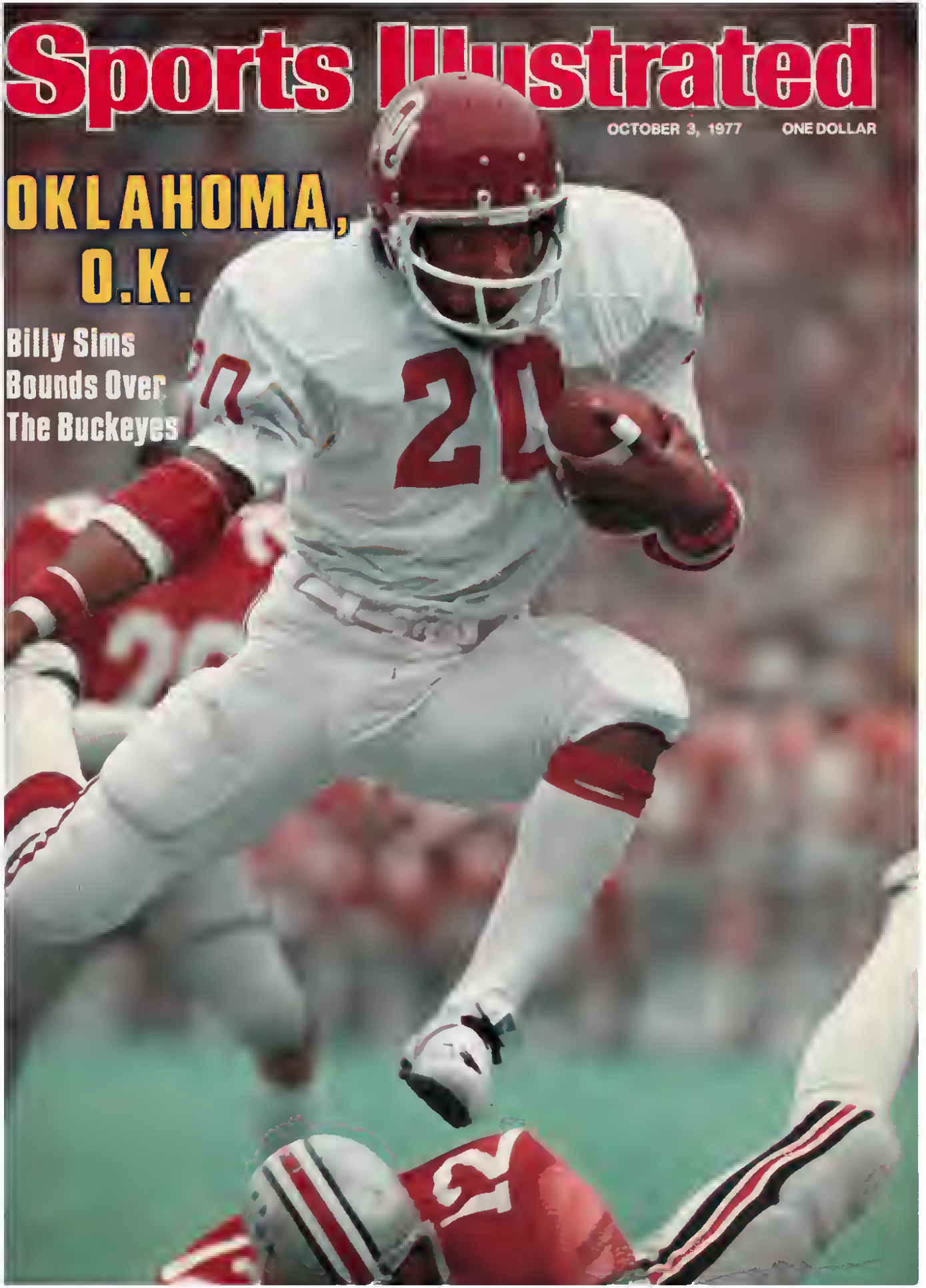
Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 3, 1977
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Billy Sims Bounds Over The Buckeyes

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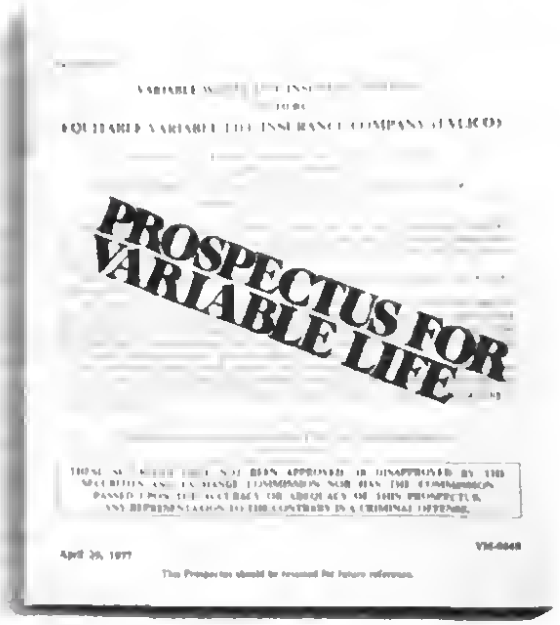

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With its limited number of poles (usually 12) and its relatively slow operating speed, most conventional direct drive systems also have an inherent problem of low starting torque

To solve these problems, Fisher has engineered the linear motor, direct drive system. The new Fisher MT6225

In effect, the platter becomes the turntable's motor. And Fisher's 120 pole design practically eliminates cogging action, and lowers wow & flutter to a totally inaudible 0.03%

The linear motor direct drive system further reduces turntable rumble to an extremely low −70 dB, far below hearing level

HOW IT WORKS

A continuous band of ferrite material, containing 120 magnetic poles, is attached to the inside bottom rim of the platter. To start platter rotation, each pole opposes one of the electro magnetic drivers on the base top. Each of the 120 poles is attracted or repelled as it passes the driving electro magnets for smooth, stable operation

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The speed accuracy of the system is independent of line voltage fluctuations.

THE ARM

The Fisher MT6225 is equipped with a professional-type gimbaled tone arm for performance to equal its technically advanced motor design.

The arm accepts all standard cartridges. The auto-return system, which returns the arm to rest at end of a record, is designed with no restraints on its lateral or vertical motion during operation.

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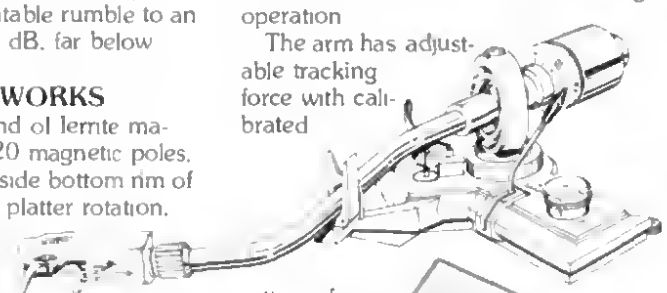
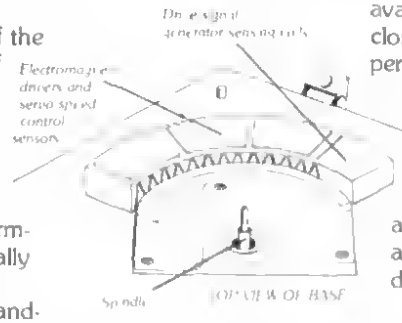


In all, there is no other turntable available that comes closer to the perfect performance or the ultimate in reliability Fisher MT6225, for about $250 *. See it now at fine audio stores and the audio section of department stores.



Motor	Linear Direct Drive
Wow & Flutter	0.03% WRMS
Tracking Force Range	0.6 – 3.5 grams
Rumble	70 dB (DIN B)
Maximum Tracking Error	± 1.5
Auto Stop	Yes
Auto Reject	Yes
Cueing	Viscous Damped
Anti-Skate Control	Adjustable
Platter Weight	2.2 lbs
Speed Selector	33/45 rpm

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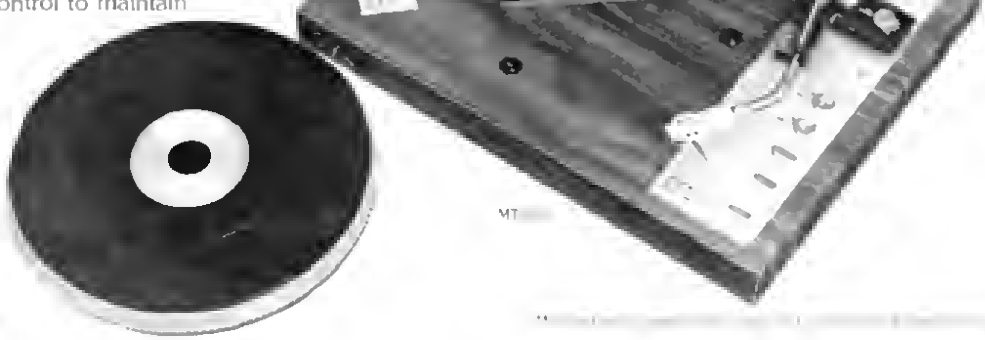

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Next Week

ALI CALLS HIM an acorn, but the slick-headed and heavy-hitting Earnie Shavers insists he is more of a mighty oak. Either way, each will try to chop the other down in their heavyweight title fight at Madison Square Garden. Pat Putnam is at ringside.

LIFE AT THE TOP of the college football rankings is rough and sometimes brutally short, as Michigan and Texas A&M will prove when they meet. Joe Jares is in Ann Arbor to report on who takes whom down a peg or two.

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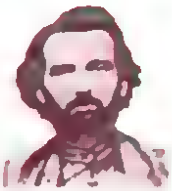

Clay Allison

Barney Hubbs Collection

Billy the Kid

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Bat Masterson

Boot Hill Museum Inc

Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma

Acer and law receive equal billing at Roy Bean's saloon-courthouse in Langtry, Texas

"God did not make all men equal," Westerners were fond of saying. "Colonel Colt did."

Montana Historical Society

Hangings were often heralded by invitations to the press and other interested parties.

Pinkerton's Inc

A grim squad of Union Pacific riflemen rides in a special train, hunting Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch

In the wake of a card game quarrel, a vengeful cowhand dispatches one player and mortally wounds another in C. M. Russell's *Death of a Gambler*.

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SCORECARD

Edited by BARBARA LA FONTAINE

FRESHMEN

Amarillo (Texas) Junior College has been startled to learn that a couple of young men to whom they awarded basketball scholarships are alumni of a Kentucky jail. Convicted of manslaughter, Stephen Varner, 21, has been on parole since October 1976. John H. Luster, 24, jailed for armed robbery, was paroled in August.

"There has been an obvious breakdown at Amarillo College that allowed such a thing to happen," said President Charles D. Lutz Jr. "We will correct it in the future." On the other hand, Dr. John L. Jones, chairman of the junior college's board of regents, simply pointed out that "these scholarships, as executed by the college, are valid and binding legal contracts," adding that the men were free to play on the school team as long as they maintained their scholastic eligibility.

Does President Lutz really feel that everyone would be better served if two men, properly paroled and obviously singled out for athletic scholarships on the basis of athletic gifts, were turned back into the streets? Says Varner, "I just want to look to the future. What's happened in the past, that's no one's business."

He would seem to have a point.

NON-EVENT

Russell and Riverwood, two high schools near Atlanta, played each other in football last month and both teams lost. For a minute, the final score was Russell 15, Riverwood 0. Then things began to unravel. First someone ratted on Russell's Chris McNeal, who had just transferred to the school. He had faked the residence requirement, so there went not just the victory over Riverwood, which Russell was obliged to forfeit, but the school's three previous wins, all of which were forfeited as well.

That still left a score of sorts, the 1–0 forfeit victory for Riverwood. But Riverwood's Joey Mitchell had been left off the eligibility list sent last spring to the Georgia High School Association by a former coach. When new Coach Theo Caldwell realized the omission, he reported it to the GHSA, but the association showed no mercy. They declared the school also a loser by forfeit, thereby making the game null and void, and stripped Riverwood of its single previous win, a 28–6 victory over Paulding County.

You can't win 'em all, but on the other hand, a man doesn't expect to unwin 'em all, either.

FORWARD GUARD

Last August an Oklahoma City girl attacked in court the rules by which girls' high school basketball is still played in Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas and Tennessee: three forwards on one side of the center line, three guards on the back side, no crossing over. The forwards do all the shooting, for guards, the game is tedious beyond words. But the Oklahoma girl's complaint was that it was more than just tedious. She argued that her position as guard precluded any chance of a college scholarship or a future professional career because both the colleges and pros play five-on-five on a full court. At the end of last month affidavits were presented in the matter, and the ACLU asked Federal Judge Ralph Thompson, who had previously ruled that he had no jurisdiction in the matter, to reconsider his decision.

Cathy Rush, coach of the 1976 Olympic women's basketball team, said that "little or no consideration was given to girls who had played half-court basketball when the Olympic team was picked." Jerry Zaneanelli, coach of Colorado's team, said half-court ball "definitely puts the players behind in individual skills." Lark Birdsong, the women's coach at the University of Iowa, stated flatly: "I do not recruit guards, ever." Robert C. Serfass, associate professor of physical education at the University of Minnesota, said, "There are no psychological or medical data available which would preclude either sex from playing full-court basketball."

Finally, Sylvia Marks-Barnett, ACLU attorney, citing the absence of any "half court" girls on the Olympic team, or on the 1975 Pan-American team, said that she didn't expect Judge Thompson to reverse his ruling because of these affidavits. "The main thing I wanted," she said, "was to get them in the record for the appeal."

NUTS

It sounded like a great idea. The White House has too many squirrels, while the squirrel population of Wrightwood, Calif. has been decimated by a tick infestation. The answer seemed obvious, so Congressman James Lloyd (D-Calif.) announced that he was going to have a

bunch of the White House squirrels transferred to Wrightwood.

But the operation fell through. "The repopulation of the Wrightwood area will have to be done with friendly native squirrels," Lloyd says—because the California State Department of Health has reported that the D.C. squirrels are too aggressive.

SINATRA'S LINE

Gambler Frank (Lefty) Rosenthal is the host of a new TV talk show, taped in Las Vegas' Stardust Casino at 7:30 p.m. on Saturdays and revealed to the rest of Las Vegas at 11. On the show's opening night several weeks ago, among those present was Frank Sinatra. Sinatra held forth on a subject dear to his heart: the harshness of the punishment laid on UNLV Basketball Coach Jerry Tarkanian (SCORECARD, Sept. 19) and urged the citizenry of Las Vegas to start a petition to the NCAA.

continued

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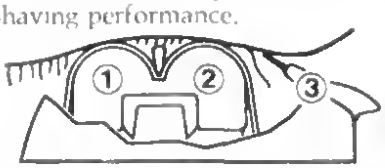

1 *The first head* cuts the whiskers of normal length and sets them up for the second head by stretching out the skin, so that.

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Last Saturday Rosenthal got into his plan to have his guest pick the winners of half a dozen of Sunday's pro football games, and Sinatra again led off. These were his choices:

San Diego +3 over Kansas City; Dallas −13½ over New York; Chicago +3 over St. Louis; Pittsburgh +2 over Oakland; Los Angeles −10 over Philadelphia; Miami −3½ over San Francisco.

The results were San Diego 23, Kansas City 7; Dallas 41, New York 21; St. Louis 16, Chicago 13; Oakland 16, Pittsburgh 7; Los Angeles 20, Philadelphia 0; Miami 19, San Francisco 15. This gave Sinatra four wins, a loss and a push. Making 65% against the spread is considered very good indeed; doing it his way was 15% better.

BLUES ON THE GREENS

The Los Angeles County Parks and Recreation Department is distressed. "People can walk onto some of our golf courses at 10 or 11 on a Saturday or Sunday morning and tee off," says Phil Jackson, director of golf for the county. "With no reservations, they used to have at least a two-hour wait."

A recent survey requested by department supervisor Kenneth Hahn determined that play on 10 of the county's 18 public courses had dropped by as much as 79,556 rounds in the first seven months of 1977 as compared to the same period in 1976, a decrease of 13.42%. The courses in question are in top shape, not badly affected by the drought. They are multimillion-dollar facilities, with concessionaires suffering proportional decreases in revenue, and the department is baffled. "We don't know why play is down," says Jim Okimoto, head of budget and management services. "We don't know whether golfers have transferred to tennis, racquetball or some other recreation or what."

One possible answer seemed to lie in the county's increase in greens fees: on Oct. 1 last year they went up a dollar a round. But Okimoto points out that course use was already down 7.9% before the hike. That may have accelerated the falloff, but is inadequate to explain it.

Not wanting to miss out on a possible national trend, SI checked around the U.S. Was play off precipitously in, for example, Dallas? In Baltimore? In Columbus, Ohio? Overland Park, Kans.? No, it turned out. Play was up.

So the defections, if any, are pretty much a Southern California phenomenon. Either that or golfers have been sneaking out of the state to play in Dallas, Baltimore, Columbus, Ohio and Overland Park, Kans.

ENOUGH ALREADY

Tickets go on sale throughout the Northwest this week for the first annual Kingbowl. This is the brainchild of Seattle promoter Michael Campbell, whose answer to the mud, rain and wind that ordinarily attend the Washington State high school football championships was to propose that all four games be played on a single Saturday in Seattle's Kingdome. The Washington Interscholastic Activities Association went for it, and the schedule for Saturday, Dec. 3, is as follows:

B championship game 10 a.m.
A championship game 1 p.m.
AA championship game 4 p.m.
Pregame show 7 p.m.
AAA championship game 8 p.m.

"In addition to the four football games that will be played in the Kingbowl," advises a news release, "the WIAA has reserved the Kingdome for Friday night, Dec. 2." Hank Rybus, WIAA general secretary, says, "I'm in the education business and . . . in tune with this philosophy the event will feature . . . the first high school marching-band competition attracting schools from across the state."

If all this is not enough, you may be able to attend Michael Campbell's clinic for aspiring sportswriters, which he hopes to stage in the Kingdome before the marching-band contest. Shouldn't have any problem keeping the typewriters dry.

BEST WISHES

Golfer Andy North's sister Pamela has married. Her new name is Pamela South.

FAN

John Steadman, sports editor of the *Baltimore News American*, has seen every game the Baltimore Colts have played, home and away. The streak goes back to 1950, when, as he puts it, "There just wasn't anyone in Yankee Stadium when the Colts and New York drew a crowd of 5,000."

Steadman has visited "such interesting points of call as Lubbock, Texas, Lincoln, Neb., Rochester, N.Y. and, of course, Shreveport, La., on the exhibition circuit." As for the less interesting spots he has found himself in, he says, "Can you imagine spending a week between games in Egg Harbor, Wis.? It might sound good, but it isn't."

There were, inevitably, conflicts. For example, the Colts were playing the Chicago Bears on the same day that the Orioles were playing the Dodgers in the final game of the 1966 World Series. So, Steadman says, in addition to the regular reporters assigned to the final Series game, "We had our wife and brother cover it for us by doing leg work, and we wrote the story. Ironically, a journalism-judging committee said it was the best piece of literature written on the World Series that year, but we told them we didn't want the award, because just imagine how much better it might have been if we had been there!"

Steadman says that keeping the streak going is easier these days, because travel is easier, but he refuses to speculate on how long it will last, or even to figure out how many games he has seen and how many miles he has traveled. "I'm Irish and I'm superstitious," he says, "and I don't like to be reminded of things before they really happen."

While Steadman thus keeps his mind carefully off the matter, SI has done some research and has calculated that last Sunday's Colt game was Steadman's 496th in a row. Of that number 332 were regular-season, 146 preseason and 16 postseason. The Colts' overall record is 280 wins, 206 losses and 10 ties. Steadman's record, of course, is 496 to 0.

THEY SAID IT

• Fred Casoti, Colorado University's assistant athletic director, asked if the football team joins in pregame prayer, "No, we've got so many things to pray for we'd get penalized 15 yards for delaying the start of the game."

• Ted Manly, Virginia's freshman quarterback, after the Cavaliers suffered the second worst defeat in their history, 68–0, at the hands of Texas: "Really, Texas wasn't as good as I thought they'd be."

• Gordon Beard, sportswriter for the Associated Press, on Brooks Robinson: "Brooks never asked anyone to name a candy bar after him. In Baltimore, people name their children after him." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 3, 1977

NEVER TOO LATE FOR THE SOONERS

In a wild and sometimes woefully inept affray, Oklahoma lost a 20-point lead and its flashy backs lost the ball four times, but it was Ohio State that lost the game on a last-gasp field goal

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

On the Oklahoma sideline Barry Switzer is laughing. Why is Barry Switzer laughing? With six seconds to play, Switzer's team is losing to Ohio State 28–26. The game is in Columbus, Ohio, where, as one Oklahoma coach observed respectfully, even the stadium looks like Woody Hayes—wide and old and menacing. The 88,119 spectators, mostly Ohio State fans, are invoking Woody's wrath on the Sooners, on whom at this desperate moment the sky appears to be falling as well. That sky is bloated with rain and gray as wet aluminum. Switzer's matted blond hair and laughing face stand out.

So, on the field, does the lank and limby and somewhat incongruous figure of the Oklahoma placekicker, standing apart from the huddled Sooners at about the Ohio State 35. The kicker is a 21-year-old with a Smiling Jack mustache. His name is Uwe von Schamann but his teammates call him "Von Foot." As the last chance the Sooners have, Von Foot is being encouraged by the Buckeye fans to grab his own throat. "Block that kick! Block that kick!" they scream. Ohio State has called a just-before-the-kick time out in order to get this encouragement going and to give Von Foot additional time to think about the enormity of his task. Von Foot is not choking, however. In mock orchestration, he is *leading* the Ohio State cheer, his arms upraised and his forefingers flourishing *continued*

Before his kick that beat the Buckeyes 29–28, von Schamann (right) coolly looked over the crowd in Columbus, then conducted its "Block that kick" chant

Ohio State was jubilant at recovering yet another fumble but didn't capitalize on enough Sooner gifts

NEVER TOO LATE *continued*

And Switzer, laughing out loud in a giddy release of tension, says to his assistants on the Oklahoma sideline, "What the hell are we doing in this profession?"

The record will show that Uwe (pronounced YOO-va) Von Foot von Schamann then soccered a 41-yard field goal through that immense volume of low atmosphere and high pressure. The record will not show that it was a statement made as emphatically as a cop ringing a doorbell, a booming, authoritative kick, high and far and dead-center true, winning the game for Oklahoma with three seconds to spare. Switzer kissed Von Foot when he came off the field. A sentimentalist, Barry.

What might be made of such an ending—besides reaffirming that what Switzer is doing in this profession is standing it on its ear, having now won 44 of 49 games in just four seasons and three games as the Sooners' head coach—is that this first-ever meeting of the two winningest teams in the past quarter century of college football had a significance, a meaning beyond the score. A triumph, say, of Youth and Loose over Age and Uptight.

Switzer is 38, Hayes is 64, and they make the oddest of couplings. Hayes, an almost Caesarean figure, does not give interviews, he grants audiences. Though a charming and thoughtful conversationalist, Woody automatically veers off when talk wanders too close to the intimate workings of his football team (injuries, game plans, other classified stuff). By contrast, on Friday night in Columbus, Switzer and his defensive coordinator, Larry Lacewell, were among the last to leave a pregame party at John Galbreath's Darby Dan Farm. (Hayes had made a brief but impressive talk in which he said "winning is the epitome of honesty," and slipped away.)

The game itself was certainly no vindication of one system or style over another. It was, rather, a hair-raising example of what only too rarely happens when you get a lot of good players on one field at one time, on teams contending for the national championship but having to cope with breaks and twists of fortune so violent that it is impossible to play conservatively.

It was a contest both marvelously played and exquisitely flawed (eight turnovers, six by Oklahoma). It was a bruising, helmet-rattling (not to mention body-injuring, for six Sooner and Buckeye regulars went down during the course of play) blockbuster of a game filled with flashes of inspiring resourcefulness and incredible bungling. It was a game neither team should have lost. Or won.

Different, that's what it was. Different because Oklahoma is different. (No, Oklahoma is *wild*.) And Ohio State is different. Ohio State? Different? Ah, you'd be surprised.

"All football coaches are pragmatists," Hayes said on Friday, sitting quietly and alone in a classroom where he teaches his freshman players "word power" (from a book, *Word Power Made Easy*, by Norman Lewis). "They go with what works." What Hayes is working on this year is an expanded offense that makes exciting use of the skillful Rod Gerald at quarterback. And pragmatically compensates for the fact that the Buckeyes do not have the traditional 2½-ton truck that usually lines up at fullback for them. It did not take Oklahoma by surprise, but Ohio State ran option plays three out of four times Saturday and looked competent—even nifty—doing it.

Neither does Hayes rip out the headphones any more when George Chaump, his offensive coordinator, calls a pass from the press box, because even Woody thinks Gerald can throw. There is still no power word in Hayes' book for "often," however, and while a dozen passes were called, only six were actually launched by Gerald and his backup, Greg Castignola. The first four (by Gerald) were incomplete; the last two, by Castignola, were caught, one for a touchdown. There is no telling how much more success (if you want to call it that) Ohio State would have had throwing had it dared to be so radical. Oklahoma, under Lacewell, plays a stunting gambling style of defense, and Lacewell virtually conceded the Buckeyes the forward pass. "If Ohio State wants to pass, let them," he said. "Maybe they'll throw it in the ground."

One still got the impression the ball was flying around all afternoon. It was. Only it wasn't being passed. Mainly it was being fumbled by Oklahoma. "We need a new category for statistics," says Lacewell. "Pitchouts attempted and pitchouts completed."

Even Switzer jokes about it because, though they don't always hold on to the ball, the Sooners have, in Quarterback Thomas Lott and Running Backs Billy Sims, Elvis Peacock and Kenny King, perhaps the fastest backfield that ever lined up. "But 24 fumbles in three games, and we lose 17 of 'em," says Switzer. "And still we're 3–0. It's unbelievable."

What makes it even more astonishing is that Lacewell's—not to say Oklahoma's—pride and joy, the Sooner defense, lost its blood scent. Or, more accurately, its bloodlines. Suddenly last season Lacewell had to learn to live without the Selmons and the Shoates and the Jimbo Elrods and the other All-Americas of past championship teams. The Sooner defense went limp. In a game with Colo-

rado, Switzer got on the headphones to Lacewell. "He'd never called me before," Lacewell recalls. "He always left me alone. But Colorado was marching up and down the field. He said, 'Lacewell, can't we do something to slow them down?' I said, 'No.' He said, 'Oh.'"

Things haven't gotten much better this season. Before the game in Columbus, Lacewell speculated that Ohio State coaches seeing films of Oklahoma's first two games with Vanderbilt (a 23-point yield) and Utah (24) would have been hard put to find an area they *wouldn't* want to attack.

Having established Oklahoma as a team that a) fumbles, b) passes poorly and c) plays defense with a kind of creeping neurosis, but d) wins, one is required to add to the assessment the effect that Switzer's personality has had on the team. After successive big-score losses to Oklahoma State and Colorado last year, Lacewell was stunned to hear Switzer tell the squad, "We got 'em right where we want 'em." Which proved to be the case. The Sooners whipped Kansas State, then Missouri and the following week they dumped Nebraska 20–17.

Against Ohio State, much as they did in beating Nebraska with last-minute thunderbolts in 1976, the Sooners experienced a transformation. Trailing 28–20 with six minutes-plus to play, when fumbling could no longer be tolerated, Oklahoma did not fumble. When crucial passing was called for, the Sooners passed adeptly. And when the defense positively had no choice, it rose up.

The game in Columbus was played virtually on one end—the downwind end—of the field. Going up to his press-box seat beforehand, Ohio State's Chaump watched the 20-mph gusts whip trash upfield from the south end zone. "I'd rather it rain," he said soberly.

What Chaump meant was that Ohio State no longer has the strong kicking game that becomes essential in bad weather. Oklahoma, on the other hand, had Von Foot, who also punts. Oklahoma won the toss and chose to kick off with the wind. Von Foot put the ball out of the end zone. His first four kicks landed in the same general area. Ohio State never got to run one of them back.

The Buckeyes did not get beyond their 29-yard line in the first quarter, and by the time the teams changed goals Oklahoma, striking swiftly, had accumulated 17 points largely as a result of the spectacular, hurdling runs of Sims and Lott's counters to the strong side. For the next two periods Ohio State played with the wind at *its* back. Von Foot had scored the only points that were to be made in the south end zone early in the second quarter on a 33-yard field goal to make it 20–0. Then it was the Buckeyes' turn. An 80-yard drive and the deficit dropped to 20–7. A fumble recovery on the Oklahoma 19, and a Gerald option run inside right end, and it was 20–14.

Ohio State squandered three more chances after Oklahoma turnovers on the Sooner 20-, 33- and 23-yard lines but then drove 48 yards after a third-down quick kick into the wind by Peacock to go ahead 21–20. Shortly afterward a Sooner pass by No. 2 Quarterback Dean Blevins was intercepted at the Oklahoma 33, and Ohio State moved in on Castignola's touchdown pass to make it 28–20.

From that point on, stress worked a miracle cure. The Sooners never made another mistake. Actually, the defense had played well from late in the second quarter, victim only of the offense's largesse (mostly life-or-death pitchouts). The Sooners sought to force Gerald to keep the ball, not because they thought he could not hurt them but because they thought he should be tested. "A matter," said Lacewell, "of chosing your poison."

As it developed, Gerald was knocked out of the game late in the third quarter and spent the rest of the afternoon embracing an icepack. Before that, Linebacker Daryl Hunt had played a tune on him. Hunt's responsibility on the option was Gerald alone. The first time he got to him, after the ends had sealed off the outside pitch and left Gerald to go it alone inside, Hunt whacked him solidly and stripped him of the ball. "It's going to be like that all day," Hunt told Gerald as he helped him up.

In the fourth quarter the wind was again in Oklahoma's sails, and Blevins was at quarterback for the last, breathtaking rally. (Oklahoma's Lott, like Ohio State's Gerald, had been put out of the game with an injury.) On third down at the Oklahoma 46, Castignola was walloped successively by stunting Tackles Dave Hudgens and Phil Tabor. The ball popped free. Middle Guard Reggie Kinlaw, the best of the "new" Oklahoma defenders, came under the stunt to recover it at the Ohio State 43.

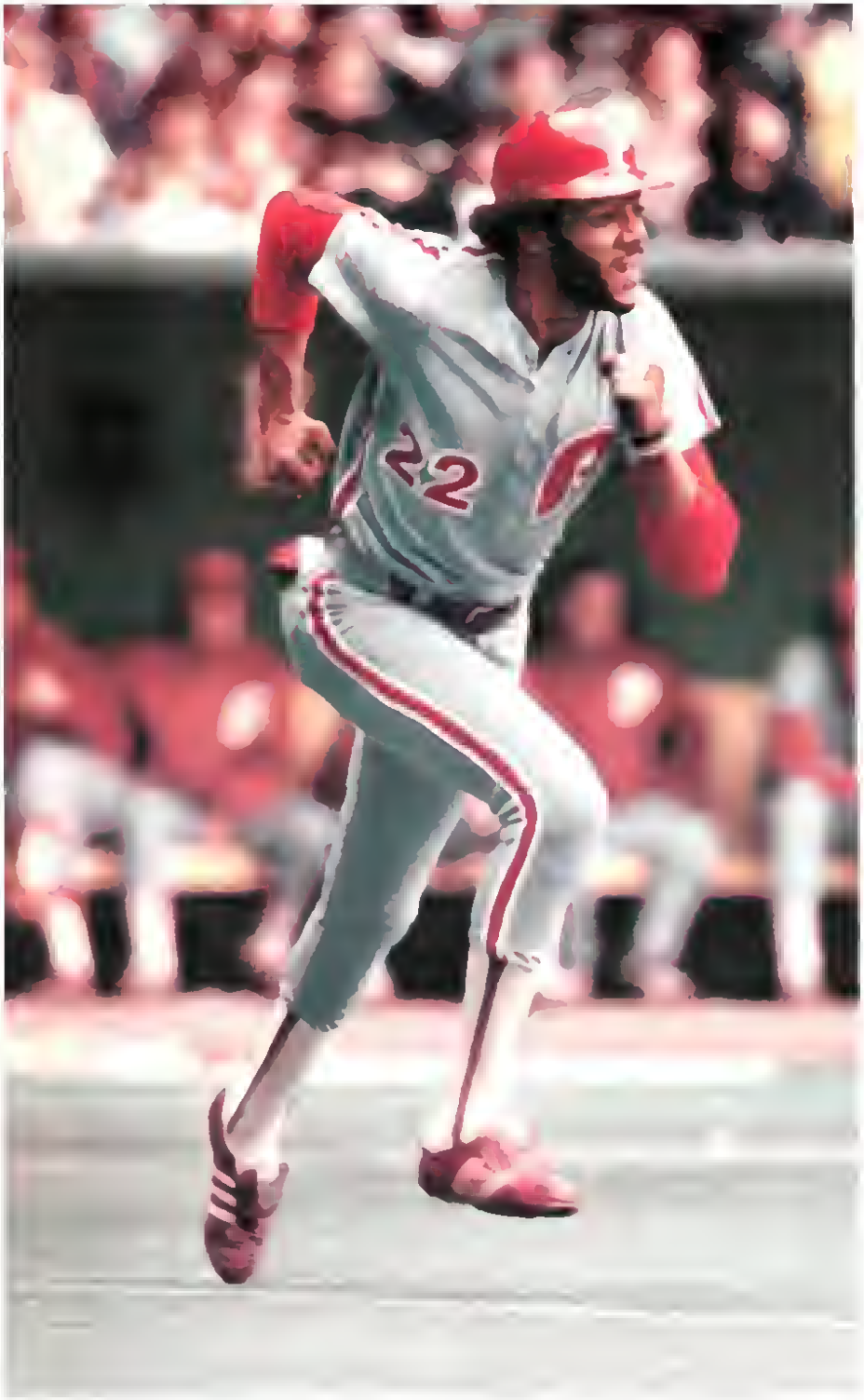
Oklahoma scored in 12 plays. Blevins, who had been booed to tears in the opener with Vanderbilt when he started in place of the injured Lott, passed 10 yards to Split End Steve Rhodes for the mover. Then, on a fourth-down play at the Ohio State 12, Blevins kept the Sooners' hopes alive by staggering the cadence on his count, drawing Middle Guard Aaron Brown offside. The play was stacked up, but the penalty gave Oklahoma a first down at the seven. Peacock scored on a fourth-down option from a yard and a half out but couldn't get in on the two-point conversion and it was 28–26.

Von Schamann's ensuing onside kick may have been anticipated by everybody in the stadium, but it was perfectly executed. Von Schamann sliced the ball hard off a Buckeye in the front line—a back inserted to improve the chances of fielding the predictable kick—and the ball caromed free just over the 50. Mike Babb dived on it for Oklahoma.

On first down Blevins got man-to-man coverage again on Rhodes and hit him for 18 yards to the Buckeye 32. From there he worked carefully on the inside legs of the option, deliberately keeping to the middle of the field and working the clock down. With six seconds to play, the ball was on the 23, and Von Foot was ushered into the game.

At that moment, Switzer was asked, could he explain what caused him to suddenly laugh out loud? Probably not. But Larry Lacewell could. Old Barry had 'em where he wanted 'em. **END**

Peacock made a fan out of Coach Barry Switzer by strutting for a pair of Oklahoma touchdowns



L A must prevent an explosion by Bake McBride, who has hit .342 since coming to the Phils in June

TRUE TESTS OF TALENT

The playoffs have proved a marvelously efficient way to seperate the best teems from the good ones. This year's bests. Philly and K C. **by LARRY KEITH**

After eight years we are finally beginning to understand what the American and National League playoffs are all about. They were conceived as a bridge between the grind of the regular season and the grandeur of the World Series, sort of an October Semi-Classic. Baseball's publicity men even insist on calling them the Championship Series, a sonorous label that suggests a competition of excellence. Alas, that has seldom been the case. There have been too few climactic fifth games, and once the first pitch of the World Series is thrown, even if it is a curveball in the dirt, no one remembers the playoffs anyway.

But if the Championship Series have failed to live up to their name, they nevertheless have served an important purpose, revealing weaknesses that were previously obscured. There is a false air of invincibility about playoff teams. Each is a champion in its own right, the class of its division and the toast of its town. When you talk to players about to participate in the playoffs, you almost invariably find them ready to skip consideration of the business at hand and to move directly to discussion of the World Series. What, after all, are five more intraleague games when you already have performed so well in 162?

Ay, there's the rub. In an era when the regular season is generously sprinkled with romps over expansion teams and diluted talent, the playoffs are just about the only honest test to determine which of a league's teams is its best and which is only a shallow pretender. And the playoffs have been a marvel of efficiency at doing this. Since they began in 1969, 11 of the 16 have been settled in four games or less. Half have been three-game sweeps. The "anything" that can happen in these short series has usually turned out to be the right thing.

All of this is likely to become apparent again when the playoffs begin next week. Philadelphia and Los Angeles will open the National League series at Dodger Stadium on Tuesday, and Kansas City and New York will renew last year's American League playoff rivalry at Yankee Stadium on Wednesday. This assumes that the Yankees are able to maintain their Eastern Division advantage over Baltimore and Boston. They entered the final week of the season three games ahead of the Red Sox and 3½ in front of the Orioles, and they had the easiest remaining schedule.

The 11th hour activity in the American League East may be much ado about nothing, because Kansas City is superior to all three of its possible opponents. Philadelphia, the other playoff loser last season, should also take advantage of its second chance and defeat the Dodgers. The Royals and Phillies offer none of the glamour and tradition of their opponents, but they do have the better baseball teams. So much for the Celebrity Sweepstakes.

Los Angeles and Philadelphia have been anticipating their meeting for some time now. Although the Dodgers did not clinch the Western Division title until last week, they have led, it seems, since Tom Lasorda became manager on Sept. 29, 1976. The race was all but over on May 6 when Los Angeles had a 22–4 record and a 10½ game lead over the late, great Reds. Cincinnati played Los Angeles virtually even thereafter, but the defending world champions never came close to catching up. Los Angeles' ability to stay well ahead may be its most significant accomplishment. The Dodgers had five months to fall on their faces, five months to listen to Cincy Manager Sparky Anderson's constant predictions that they would, but they never did.

The Phillies started slowly in the East and did not take over first place until Aug. 5, when they began an auspicious three-game sweep of the Dodgers in Philadelphia. The divisional winners split their 12 games this year, each going 4–2 in its home park. This pattern suggests that one of Philadelphia's big advantages could be the playoff schedule, which puts the final three games at Veterans Stadium where the Phils have won 75% of the time. The Phillies are also favored by precedent, the team with the scheduling edge having won seven of the National League playoffs.

But even without the schedule on its side, Philadelphia would seem the worthier club. Both teams hit with power, but the Phillies have better overall batting strength. Los Angeles has more capable starting pitchers, but the Philly bullpen is far superior. The Dodgers have the top base stealing threat in Dave Lopes, but he is offset by the fast Philadelphia threesome of Larry Bowa, Bake McBride and Garry Maddox. The L.A. defense is good, but the Philly defense is better, particularly at third base, shortstop and center field. Los Angeles offers a matched pair of antique—but not antiquated—pinch hitters in Manny Mota and Vic Davalillo. Philadelphia counters with greater depth. "The bench is their big advantage," says Anderson. "It's the best I've seen in the big leagues."

Those three August games in Philadelphia might have been a preview of the playoffs. The Phillies won the first 8–3 by scoring seven runs in the eighth inning. In the next game, Dodger castoff Ted Sizemore's 10th-inning single drove in the only run of the night. The wins both times went to Reliever Gene Garber. Finally, Steve Carlton outdueled Don Sutton for a 3–1 victory.

Los Angeles is counting on its pitching and power because it leads the league in both ERA and home runs. Certainly Philadelphia cannot match the rotation of Tommy John, Sutton and probably Burt Hooton, but for all the Dodgers' explosiveness, they have had a way of wasting good pitching performances. Sometimes the fault lay in a failure to hit in the clutch, more often it was the result of shoddy relief work. Those flaws were the primary reasons that Los Angeles was unable to maintain its early pace.

The opening game matchup of Cy Young candidates John (20–6 at the end of last week) and Carlton (23–9) should be the best of either playoff. But the pivotal pitcher in the series could be the Phillies' 23-year-old righthander, Larry Christenson, who is 0–2 against the Dodgers this season and 2–4 lifetime. He will probably face Sutton, who is a better pitcher than his 14–8 record indicates. Christenson was not even used during Philadelphia's playoff loss to Cincinnati last fall, but he has emerged recently as the most dependable man on the staff, winning 12 of his last 13 decisions. The tipoff on whether Christenson is going to pitch as he has lately—and not as he has against the Dodgers in the past—should come early in Game No. 2. When his sinking deliveries are sharp, he takes advantage of Philadelphia's superb infield defense by inducing batters to hit grounders. If the Dodgers start off by pounding liners and flies to the outfield, they are likely to knock some balls out of the park and Christenson out of the game.

Backing the Philadelphia starters is the deepest bullpen in baseball. "That's where I have an advantage," says Manager Danny Ozark. "I won't hesitate to take a starter out and use one of my relievers." When the work is divvied up, Warren Brusstar gets the long stints and Garber, Tug McGraw and Ron Reed the short. "We can flat-out pitch," says Reed of the bullpenners, who have 28 wins and 42 saves. And because Ozark has had so many reliable men to work with, all of Philadelphia's relievers should come into the playoffs in fine fettle. None of them has had to work more than 120 innings.

John has the unenviable job of facing Carlton

Compared to the Phillies' firemen four, the Los Angeles bullpen looks like a bunch of arsonists. Charlie Hough, the early-season relief ace, has been caught with the matches in his hands so often of late that he might not appear at all. In fact, Lasorda may be forced to shift Doug Rau and Rick Rhoden, both starters of the first rank, to the bullpen. By the time they finish warming up, the damage may already have been done.

All pitching plans could go out the window (or, more precisely, over the fence) if the big bats crank up. The Dodg-

continued

ers have a certified Murderers Row in Reggie Smith, Ron Cey, Steve Garvey and Dusty Baker, who have combined for 120 homers, while the Phillies' power is concentrated in Greg Luzinski and Mike Schmidt, who have 73. They could feast on the gopher balls Carlton and Sutton frequently serve up.

At the top of the batting orders there is a different, but no less volatile, matchup between McBride and Lopes. McBride, the ex-Cardinal who has been a sensation since joining Philadelphia in mid-June, is so destructive at the plate and on the bases that Lou Brock describes him as "a man walking around with a jar of nitroglycerin."

Lopes could be the detonator for the Dodgers. Anderson considers him "the key player of the series. If he plays well, he could turn it around." This was not the case in regular-season games between Los Angeles and Philadelphia. Although Lopes reached base 20 times, he scored only three runs and stole but two bases. He was picked off twice by Carlton, and when Bob Boone, the Phillies' regular catcher, was behind the plate, Lopes did not steal at all. In effect, the Phillies forced him to stay at first and wait for the Dodger power to ignite.

Philadelphia's final edge seems to be psychological. The Phillies are pleased as punch at the way they charged to the front in August, and they figure they learned a valuable lesson in last fall's playoffs when they thrice allowed the Reds to come from behind and win. "Rather than concentrate on the game last year, I was awed by just being there," says Bowa. "This time I won't feel that way. I want to do something. I want to win, to be in the World Series." Bowa and his teammates should make it, thereby becoming the first Phillies to win the National League pennant in 27 years.

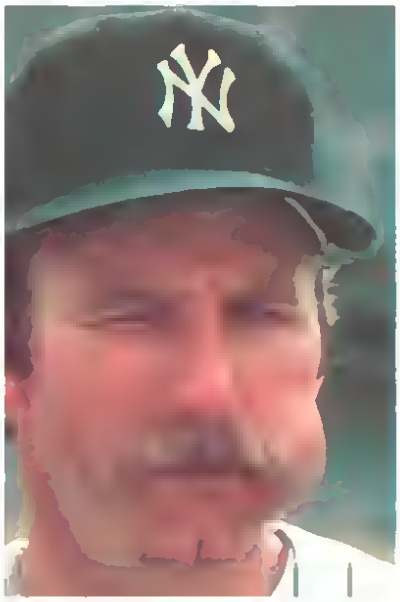
Kansas City, Philadelphia's likely opponent, has never won a pennant, but then the franchise is only nine years old. At the end of last week the Royals had the best record in baseball, and their 16-game winning streak from Aug. 31 to Sept. 15 was the longest in the American League since 1953. Like Philadelphia, Kansas City brings a momentum into the playoffs it lacked a year ago. Even then the Royals were noble in defeat, losing in the last inning of the last game. "We know now we can play under pressure," says Pitcher Paul Splittorff. "Before, we just hoped we could."

Bumbry, a .312 hitter, gives Baltimore some zip

If the Royals play the Yanks, Splittorff, who stopped New York in '76, could be the key man again

It is difficult to define Kansas City's superiority. New York hits for higher average, Boston swings with more power and Baltimore plays better defense. The Royals have the best overall pitching in the league, but they do not have a single overpowering starter. What Kansas City does have is a little bit of everything—and it has two big advantages as a result of the schedule. The Royals are one of only three teams in the American League whose home park is covered with artificial turf. Because three of the playoff games will be in Kansas City if the series goes the full route, the AstroTurf could provide a pivotal edge. New York, Baltimore and Boston were 4–12 at Royals Stadium and 10–5 against Kansas City on terra firma.

K.C. has another advantage in the pitching variations Manager Whitey Herzog can employ. Because there is no off-day in the American League playoff schedule, a team must use four starters instead of the three the National League schedule will allow. The key pitcher is Splittorff, a lefthander who was so effective in relief against New York last Oc-



Lyle may chew up Kansas City with his pitches

tober and again this season as a starter Splittorff does not usually finish what he begins, but the Royal bullpen is admirable, featuring the superb Donald Duck impersonations of Marty Pattin, that *rara avis* Doug Bird and that gangling goose of a country boy, Mark Littell

The Royals score just enough runs, thanks to a newly discovered proclivity for the long ball. Six players have struck at least 16 home runs, compared to only one with that many last year. Although George Brett leads the Royals in hitting, Al Cowens is the most productive batter, as well as an excellent rightfielder. In his three previous seasons at K C , the bespectacled Cowens had been edging toward stardom This year he has made a quantum leap into the cleanup spot, hitting .310 with 23 homers and 107 RBIs. If any little-known player is going to burst into natural prominence by leading his team to the World Series, Cowens would seem to be the man

New York would probably be the toughest opponent for Kansas City, because the Yankees have the best balance of starters and relievers, offense and defense The simple truth is that the Yankees can be deadly, whether they are killing their opponent or themselves. New York certainly has the ability to beat Kansas City, but it seems to lack the cohesiveness that a tough playoff fight would require.

The schizophrenic nature of the team is best exemplified by Reggie Jackson No, he did not find love and happiness in New York, but he is leading the team in RBIs, game-winning hits and petty controversy Against Kansas City, Jackson has been surprisingly meek, batting .129 and, as is his custom, floundering occasionally in the field But as his strong showing during the Yankees' late-season surge demonstrated, when Jackson hits the Yankees usually win.

New York seems to have overcome the inconsistent pitching that troubled it early in the season. Ron Guidry and Don Gullett are formidable lefthanders, 29–10 overall and 4–1 against the Royals. They can win if their teammates in the field let them The right-handed side of the rotation is less satisfactory. Mike Torrez and Ed Figueroa were ineffective in three appearances against Kansas City, and questions concerning Catfish Hunter should be directed to the team doctor, who reports that his prize patient's latest disability is a hernia.

When the need arises, as surely it will, there is always Sparky Lyle, the premier reliever who pitches best in the worst of all possible situations, even when they are of his own making

New York's biggest problem could be the erratic arm of Catcher Thurman Munson (see Freddie Patek run) and the various deficiencies of the New York outfielders, which could be magnified by the hot bounces balls take on the Kansas City rug. Jackson can run, but he can't always catch. Lou Piniella can catch, but he can't run Mickey Rivers and Roy White can run and catch, but they can't throw (see all the Royals run). Paul Blair can do it all, but he probably won't play very much

Of the other eastern contenders, Baltimore would seem to have a better chance than Boston of beating Kansas City. "We're the Rocky of baseball," says Ken Singleton, who provides the offensive punch along with Lee May, Eddie Murray and the speedy Al Bumbry, who sets what tempo there is in the Oriole attack. The Orioles have survived mainly on pitching, defense and divine intervention One of their four victories against the Royals was clinched by a bases-loaded triple play in the ninth inning of a one-run game.

Among the pitchers, Jim Palmer has the fancy reputation—and probably another 20-win season—but it is young Dennis Martinez who twice was a Kansas City killer

The Red Sox can mount a fearsome offense (fearsome, at least, in Fenway Park), but their pitching is as weak as the tired right arm of Reliever Bill Campbell. His 12 victories and 29 saves have kept Boston in the race, but overwork (66 appearances) has finally curtailed his availability and effectiveness There are also problems with the defense, which is not well suited for AstroTurf This is particularly true in the outfield, where Fred Lynn has been slowed by injuries and Carl Yastrzemski by age Yaz has not made an error all season, but Royals Stadium seems too large a playground for an old man to run around in As a rightfielder, Jim Rice makes a great DH

The World Series opens in the American League city on Oct. 11, and if the six long months of the regular season are an accurate measure, the Phillies should be visiting Kansas City that night. But, as the playoffs have so often proved, the truer test of champions comes in five short days in October And who knows? Maybe this time there will be enough surprises to turn the playoffs into a fall Semi-Classic. **END**

The Royals' turf could make old Yaz scream

ONCE MORE, WITH NO HARD FEELINGS

What was supposed to be another Oakland-Pittsburgh bloodbath turned out to be a mild-mannered game that was thoroughly dominated by the triumphant Raiders, who made short work of the punchless and error-prone Steelers **by DAN JENKINS**

It had been billed as the Battle of the Forearms and When Mouths Collide and even, with a certain amount of romance, as Super Bowl XI½. It was the Oakland Raiders, led by Machine Gun Atkinson and Baby Face Stabler, against the Pittsburgh Steelers, led by Pretty Boy Lambert and Public Enemy No. 1 Franco Harris. Bonnie coaching one side, Clyde the other. Everybody knew what to expect, of course. Lynn Swann would undoubtedly come away from Three Rivers Stadium with a lobotomy, helmet and all. However, when the game finally got around to being played, it wasn't any more violent than a slumber party, except for the 16–7 bruise that Oakland put on the Steelers.

Actually, the Steelers had an awful lot to do with their own embarrassment, at a time when they were supposed to be up to the business of getting even with the Raiders for last season's two painful losses, and for the part of Swann's head that was still stuck to George Atkinson's forearm. Trouble was, when it seemed to count the most, Terry Bradshaw threw the ball to as many Raiders as he did Steelers. Three interceptions and two fumbles is not how you go about beating Oakland. And when it was all over, the way the Raiders had calmly and almost routinely taken advantage of Pittsburgh's mistakes made them look like a team that can hardly get much better than it already is.

The Steelers' inability to move the football from their own 20-yard line contributed to two of Errol Mann's three field goals, while a fumble and an interception put the Raiders in splendid position for Mann's other three-pointer and Mark van Eeghen's touchdown. In fact, thanks to the disappearance of Pittsburgh's offense, Oakland began its scoring drives at the Steelers' 38-, 43-, 30- and 34-yard lines, putting the game out of reach when van Eeghen's touchdown made it 16–0 early in the fourth quarter. Sure, Pittsburgh was charitable to Oakland, but the manner in which Kenny Stabler and the Raiders did not blow their opportunities was certainly impressive.

On the first occasion, Stabler quickly

Mark van Eeghen led all rushers with 88 yards in 25 carries and had the only touchdown for the Raiders in their 16–7 win, the third straight over Pittsburgh

Oakland s John Matuszak shows teammata Dave Rowe how to pull tha halmat over Bradshaw s ayes

hit Tight End Dave Casper for a 27-yard beauty, and right away the Raiders were close enough to come away with at least a field goal When Pittsburgh's defense rose up, Mann kicked it from 21 yards out. The next time, Stahler chose to prove to the Steelers that Oakland could run on them. Van Eeghen carried four times for a total of 19 yards, and Mann kicked a 40-yarder for a 6–0 lead That didn't wake up the Steelers, either When they needed to move the ball, all the Steelers did was clip or let the Raiders sack Bradshaw. Then they got a weak punt from Bobby Walden, and Oakland was back again

It is always pleasant to be able to congratulate a coach for doing something intellectual. Oakland's John Madden did it right here After one play, a seven-yard burst through the middle by Clarence Davis, Oakland was on the Pittsburgh 23 There were still 25 seconds left before the half—an eternity, at times, in the NFL—but the Raiders had no timeouts left. Madden knew that a completed pass might well use up the clock So on second down he sent Mann in to kick his third field goal in slightly more than six minutes, a 41-yarder A smart call. And suddenly that 9–0 lead looked far larger than nine-point leads usually do, because the Raiders held it

In the third quarter Stabler simply seemed content to rest on that 9–0 margin, but then he stuck the knife into the Steelers and twisted it after Bradshaw threw his most killing interception, with Willie Brown gathering in the ball on Pittsburgh's 34 at the start of the last period In three plays Stahler had a touchdown Van Eeghen made four yards, Stabler hit Fred Biletnikoff crossing over the middle for 22, then van Eeghen rammed eight tough yards into the end zone, knocking tacklers down as if he were some kind of Bronko Nagurski instead of a Colgate alumnus

Midway through the final quarter the Steelers were spared the humiliation of being shut out before the home folks, scoring on one of those plays that combines talent with good fortune Bradshaw shot a pass to Bennie Cunningham from midfield Surrounded by all sorts of white-jerseyed Raiders at the 38, Cunningham somehow caught the ball. Then, strangely enough, the Raiders began glancing off the big tight end and bumping into each other, so Cunningham loped in for a touchdown

There were those who thought Cunningham's catch might signal a Steeler revival, but Bradshaw broke their hearts Slowly. He threw a 40-yard pass to John Stallworth, the same Stallworth whose fumble after a reception had set up Oakland's first field goal, then he ran for 13 yards to pick up a first down at the Raiders' 27 But just when people were beginning to think miracle, Bradshaw threw a pass to Charles Phillips, who plays for Oakland Phillips had no recourse but to intercept it at the 11

Stabler said later, "Turnovers and field position really killed Pittsburgh Are we better than last year? Well, our defense definitely is But I don't think this game proves Pittsburgh won't make the playoffs. I wouldn't be surprised if we played them again "

As you might imagine, the happiest man in the Oakland dressing room was none other than Atkinson He had not been very visible during the game, so now he was making up for it

"They talked all week about how they wanted George Atkinson," he said "They think they can scare people with that crap Their biggest problem is talk. Tell them to keep talking I love it "

Ah, yes The game was back where it started in the first place, in the mouth. Which brings up Pete Rozelle.

On behalf of the NFL, Rozelle could naturally be expected to strongly oppose Nazis, Communists, cocaine, *Hustler* magazine and child molesting, but a couple of weeks ago, with Oakland and Pittsburgh in mind, he added violence An edict from his office stated: "Violence, as Webster defines it and as the public perceives it, is conduct characterized by extreme and sudden . . unjust or improper force. It has no proper place in professional football "

Swell. But not a word about immaculate receptions, mysteriously split tarpaulins, Vaseline on jerseys, fans attacking tight ends and all of the varying forms of intimidation that have been a part of the Oakland-Pittsburgh series.

continued

Touching briefly on some of the more fascinating incidents in the rivalry, we begin with Franco Harris' reception in the 1972 playoff game at Pittsburgh. Bradshaw threw this pass, you see, that was intended for Frenchy Fuqua. It either hit Fuqua or didn't, but officially the ruling was that Oakland's Jack Tatum knocked it down, only Harris caught it and ran for the touchdown that won the game. Films proved to be inconclusive, but Oakland still feels it was an illegal reception.

Next came the great grease scandal at Oakland in 1973. That was when the losing Steelers accused the Raiders of smearing Vaseline on their shirts and pants in order to make themselves harder to tackle. Rot, said Oakland boss Al Davis. However, a couple of Raiders, once they were ex-Raiders, whispered to some newsmen that it was true. And you know how journalists are. They wrote it. At the same time, the Steelers also suggested that the footballs supplied for the Raiders in Oakland—and only the Raiders—were not properly inflated, making them easier for Stabler to throw and for Biletnikoff to catch.

In 1974 Oakland Tight End Bob Moore encountered a hostile mob the night before the game near the Hilton Hotel in downtown Pittsburgh. In their inimitable way, the Steeler fans put a gash in Moore's head, and he was unable to play. Now the Raiders stay at a suburban motel when they are forced to visit Pittsburgh.

The Ice Age playoff took place the following year. As they began the battle for the AFC championship, the Raiders were shocked to discover that Pittsburgh's tarpaulin had mysteriously split the night before, leaving the artificial turf as slippery as a hockey rink, which, in turn, took away Oakland's fanciest pass routes. Pittsburgh won.

And, finally, last season there was the Atkinson forearm on Swann's headgear, isolated, slow-motioned and rerun more often than Lucy in the kitchen.

With this background, it was anticipated that all of the pregame comments would be filled with anger and promises to maim everyone's grandmother. Instead, there was a good deal of chatting about mutual respect. Pittsburgh Linebacker Jack Lambert summed it up best for both teams.

"The two things to remember," he said, "is that Atkinson isn't the only one who likes to intimidate people. I've done a few things in my career that I'm not exactly proud of. Two years ago in the Super Bowl against Dallas I tackled Preston Pearson, and then as I was getting up I kneed him in the chest. It's just one of those things you do because you get carried away with the emotion of the game. I'm sure George Atkinson didn't say to himself before our game with them last year, 'Well, today I'm going to go out there and hit Lynn Swann in the head.' The thing is, we don't have 45 angels, either. If you hate a team it's because they beat you on the scoreboard."

For most of the first half it was volleyball in the secondary as both Stabler's and Bradshaw's passes bounced off assorted shoulder pads. A near-catch would instantly become a near-interception and then a near-catch again as a couple of bodies went hurtling through the air.

Oakland might well have scored two touchdowns if the gods of deflection had treated the Raiders more kindly. Once, Mike Siani, taking over at wide receiver for Cliff Branch, who had turned his ankle in the game's early moments, was racing into the Pittsburgh end zone along with Steeler Cornerback Mel Blount. Blount went up and appeared to have intercepted Stabler's bomb. No, what he had done was tip it into Siani's hands. But what Siani did, as he went sprawling, was lose control of the ball. High drama for several seconds, but ultimately just another incompletion.

Much funnier was the deep sideline pass that Stabler lofted toward a wonderfully wide open Casper on the Steeler 15. Here came the ball, there was Casper and the play had six points engraved on it. Then along came Biletnikoff at the last second to stretch out an arm and wiggle his fingers and tip the ball away from Casper. It was a brilliant defensive maneuver, and Casper, who caught five other passes from Stabler, finally came up empty. The only thing wrong, of course, is that Biletnikoff and Casper are on the same side.

Actually, the most astonishing play of the first half came very early—on Pittsburgh's first possession, in fact. And, if you care to be cruel about it, it wound up being Pittsburgh's only hint of an offense in the first 30 minutes. It was right out of Jock Sutherland or Pop Warner—a fake punt. Not only that, the Steelers used it on fourth down at their own 36-yard line. From punt formation, Reggie Harrison,

continued

Even with double coverage Pittsburgh couldn't stop Casper, who hauled in five passes for 81 yards

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ostensibly in to block for Kicker Bobby Walden, took the short snap, darted off to his left and sprinted 33 yards. In the pros, you see this sort of gamble about as often as you see a general manager smile during a contract negotiation.

The Steelers moved to Oakland's 15 in that drive, but then they tried to run wide. Rocky Bleier did not get much in two carries, and on third down Tatum made Franco Harris look as if he had run into a wall. No gain. Roy Gerela, with a chance to give the Steelers a 3–0 lead, then missed a field goal attempt from 29 yards.

When Tatum hit Harris, it brought about the game's first display of emotion, the type of act that was supposed to be routine in this contest. Tatum got up after the tackle and slammed Franco's feet to the rug. A rumble of disapproval rose from the stadium. Disapproval from Pittsburgh's fans has the same sound as a skyscraper crumbling. Tatum appeared to speak harshly to Harris at the time, but after the game he insisted he had said nothing. "He shoved me and I shoved back," Tatum said. "I'm not a bad guy, like people say."

The best chance for both squads to erupt from the bench and do unkind things to each other's face masks came in the second quarter. The occasion was a nonfight between the Steelers' Walden and Oakland rookie Lester Hayes, who had rushed him on a fourth-down punt. All Hayes did after Walden got the kick away was reverse his role and block Walden, who didn't like it, for some reason, and went after Hayes. Had Hayes defended himself more earnestly, a gang war might have resulted. But the rookie did a nice job of keeping his temper, and the incident passed.

In the end, the most prophetic of all the players was the Raiders' Warren Bankston, a reserve tight end who once played for the Steelers. "Yeah, it's pretty frightening in this stadium when all those people start hollering," he said before the game. "But you know how we'll cure that? We'll score. It's amazing how quiet the Pittsburgh crowd gets when you score on 'em."

And Three Rivers Stadium was indeed a rather quiet place last Sunday night when the Oakland Raiders departed for home, looking very much as though they could play their next 12 games waist-deep in the Monongahela and still get to the playoffs. **END**

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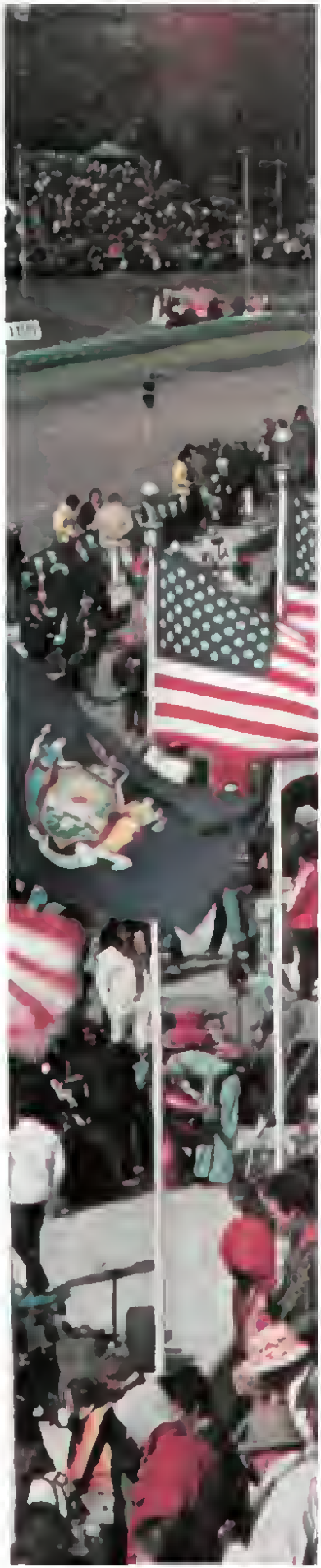
GRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN ARMYTAGE

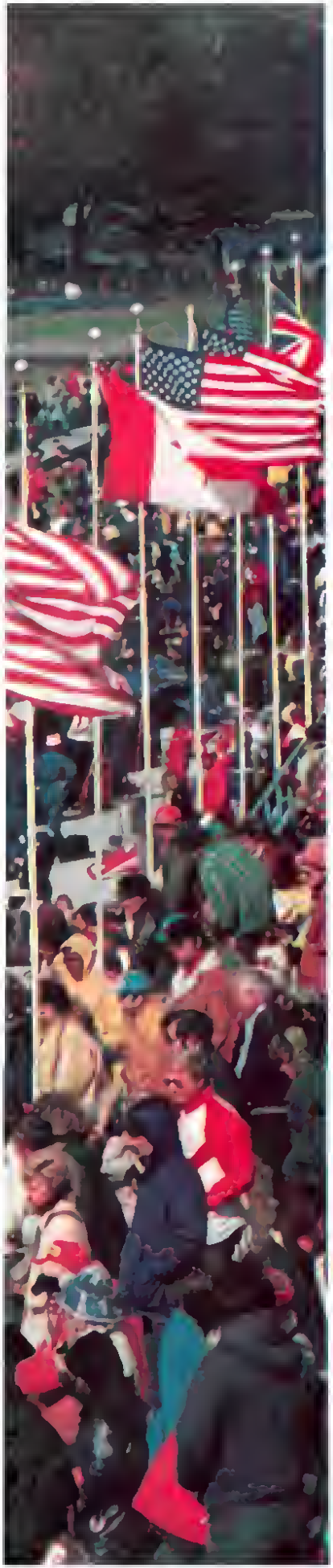
A BREATHTAKING RIDE THROUGH THE AUTUMN COUNTRYSIDE

The first weekend of October in Watkins Glen, N.Y. is a vivid visual delight. Rolling hills are draped with a tight-woven mantle of turning leaves, freshly harvested fields form furrowed checkerboards and the deep waters of Seneca Lake glisten beneath the autumn sky. Suddenly this tranquil scene is ripped by an unearthly sound. It is the oscillating scream of a Formula I car practicing on Watkins Glen Race Circuit. But by next Sunday, the day of the United States Grand Prix, even the high-pitched chorus of 22 machines will almost be drowned out by the steady rumble of 100,000 spectators. For three decades they have come to savor the natural splendors at Watkins Glen while marveling at the most sophisticated automobile technology can produce.

In the garage area a curious crowd constantly shuffles past as mechanics adjust, and sometimes rebuild, the race cars

In a scene of contrasts, a six-wheeled Tyrrell follows the black asphalt path between walls of bright-hued leaves





Trees are missing on some parts of the circuit, replaced by equally colorful walls of spectators

With the race minutes away, the crowd still presses close to the cars and mechanics still are at work

A 30-YEAR HERITAGE OF DARING

by Brock Yates

The wind is shifting north. It is sluicing down the 40-mile trough formed by New York's Seneca Lake and gnawing at the treetops on the hill where the race circuit sits. The leaves are aflame and sparrows wheel through the graying autumn skies. Mallards and heavy-bodied geese are easing down from Canada, dropping into quiet coves. And in the streets of the usually serene village at the foot of the lake, loud, audacious automobiles are on the move.

It is Grand Prix time. Watkins Glen (pop. 2,716), the Green Bay of motor sports, is waking up again, as it has at this season for 30 years. Soon the multitudes will come, pouring over the winding two-lane roads in vans and sedans, pickups and motor homes, motorcycles and mopeds—everything from Porsches to Peterbilts—to cram the handful of hotels and coffee shops and to spread over the hilltop in a vast smoky encampment. Among the first to arrive, and first to leave, will be the featured guests—international driving stars with their tiny, whooping wide-wheeled cars.

What has attracted nearly 100,000 spectators and men like Niki Lauda, Mario Andretti, James Hunt and Emerson Fittipaldi to Watkins Glen is the 199.243-mile world championship Formula 1 Grand Prix race, which will be held next Sunday on the 3.377-mile multimillion-dollar road course that threads a convoluted path around the hilltop.

During the ragged postwar days of 1948, another type of driver competed on the streets and outlying roads of the village. They were gentlemen amateurs—a band of men with the interest and the means to own imported exotica like straight-8 Bugattis, supercharged Alfa Romeos and MG roadsters. They drove them fast for the hell of it. Frank Griswold, a wealthy Philadelphian, won the first Watkins Glen Grand Prix in a fat-fendered Alfa. His triumph was witnessed by perhaps 5,000 people. The course then was gruesomely dangerous. It was narrow and treelined, with blind crested hills, a plunging 90° turn in the center of the town and one dusty straightaway featuring a 100-mph leap over a railroad crossing.

The race was held on that venue for five years, the crowds swelling annually. In 1952 the locals estimated that 200,000 were on hand. Cooler observers said there was a quarter of that number lining the streets. Whatever, it was too many to be adequately controlled throughout the circuit and, inevitably, a spectator was hit. A young boy sitting on a curb was killed when struck by a spinning wheel that had torn loose from a race car. As a result, the State of New York outlawed racing on its public roads.

Niki Lauda is after a championship at the Glen

Racing at Watkins Glen seemed over.

But business had been too good. The aroma of big bucks lingered in the streets. A new patchwork circuit was hooked together exclusively on *town* roads until a consortium of local investors was able to build a track on private land. In 1956 a 2.3-mile teardrop-shaped course, the nucleus of the present circuit, opened. The races were still essentially amateur. Overhead was high and the crowds were modest. It was time to gamble.

A U.S. Grand Prix had been held in 1959 and 1960, the first at Sebring, Fla., the next at Riverside, Calif. Neither race had been a financial success, so in 1961 the date was open. The promoters at Watkins Glen anted up and prayerfully scheduled their first U.S. Grand Prix for Oct. 8, 1961. It was a massive, surprising success, thanks in great measure to thousands of Canadians who poured over the border to gape at men like Jack Brabham, Stirling Moss and race-winner Innes Ireland in their Coopers and Lotuses. That race put Watkins Glen on the international racing map.

The event bloomed in the '60s when America went cuckoo for fast cars. Armies of college kids arrived from all over the Northeast on the first weekend in October to brawl and booze and puff on strange weeds against a background of screeching mechanical music. The race became an annual counterculture highlight, a last blast outdoors before the Northeast bundled up for the winter. Then things got ugly for a few years, and the wild goings on at a spot called the Bog began to seem more newsworthy than the race itself. The Bog was just outside one of the tunnels leading to the infield, a spot where certain enthusiastic types cavorted in the mudhole and burned stray automobiles. It was eventually bulldozed into oblivion, but a few diehards still gather at its grave to drink and smoke and rev their engines.

This year attention will zero in on a pair of men. One is Andretti, from Nazareth, Pa., he is unbeatable when his car behaves and is capable of making a recalcitrant machine go fast through sheer force of will. For Andretti, this season has been one of brilliant victories and of serious blunders. Twice he has been involved in opening-lap crashes. The other man is Lauda, a cooler and more consistent driver. His courage is awesome. Just one year ago he was recovering from burns that had left him all but dead. Although the Canadian GP on Oct. 9 follows Watkins Glen on the 17-race 1977 Grand Prix calendar, in all likelihood Lauda will win his second world driving championship next week. His Ferrari has been first three times this season, and in only two races has the 28-year-old Austrian failed to get championship points. Still, he does not seem to be satisfied. He recently announced that next season he will be driving for the Brabham team.

Special men in a special place. For 30 years it has been such at Watkins Glen. So much so that now the race is as much a part of autumn in New York as the freshening north winds. **END**

RECOVERING FROM A ROCKY START

When Rocky Balboa got his chance, he lost the fight. But when 31-year-old sandlot retread Vince Papale got his chance with the Philadelphia 'Yiggles,' he won the struggle

by ***ROBERT F. JONES***

The closest thing to an old-fashioned cavalry charge in these pallid times is a pro football kickoff. The contending troopers approach one another at full gallop and collide with a rattle of armor and elbows, a thud of knee and forearm and helm. Stricken bodies spin and fall; the wounded lie strewn on the greensward. For sheer bone-crushing, it is the high point of the battle.

The former Sandy Bianchini urged Papale on

If the analogy is valid, then Vince Papale of the Philadelphia Eagles constitutes a one-man Charge of the Light Brigade. Last season, at the venerable age of 30, Papale was the oldest rookie ever to play in the National Football League. He won a spot on the roster almost entirely on the strength and savagery of his special-team play. Skewering kick returners with lancelike precision, cutting down tacklers with headlong abandon, covering punts like a hungry horsefly, he led the special teams with 27 initial hits, 18 solo tackles, nine assists and one forced fumble. When the bomb-squad coaches instituted a "Who's Nuts?" award for each game—a white T shirt with a green eagle and the operative phrase across the front—Papale promptly won four of them. "There was no one like him on the Rams," says Quarterback Ron Jaworski, newly acquired from Los Angeles. "No one plays special teams like Vince. As a receiver or a bomb-squad guy, he gives everything he's got, all the time." In the Eagles' opening game this season, a 13–3 defeat of Tampa Bay, Papale had one solo tackle, two assists and—Hallelujah!—caught his first-ever regular-season pass, a 15-yarder from Roman Gabriel. Last Sunday he had another solo tackle as the Eagles lost to the Rams 20–0 at Los Angeles.

Papale's performance on the special teams has led to his lionization by the Eagles' long-frustrated fans, who have had little to cheer about since 1960, when Chuck Bednarik and Norm Van Brocklin led Philadelphia to the NFL championship. Indeed, the Eagles have had only one winning season in the last 16 years. In Papale the fans understandably see a pigskin equivalent to Rocky Balboa, the aging South Philly pug who gets a shot at the heavyweight title and gives it all he's got.

Indeed there is a lot of Rocky in Vincent Francis Papale. Like the Italian Stallion, Papale is unsparing of himself in training, both in season and off, displaying an up-by-the-bootstraps striving toward self-made excellence. Like Rocky he is at home among the saloons, pushcarts and narrow, teeming streets of South Philadelphia, where he frequently runs six miles of a wintry morning. Like Rocky he has his own "Adrian," a girl named Sandy who inspired him to fulfill what most of his friends thought a quixotic dream—coming off the sandlots with precisely zero games of college football behind him to audition for a job on an NFL team. But in many ways he is Rocky's opposite. For one, he can talk articulately. He made 150 speeches—some paid, most not—during the off-season.

"In the first place, I'm only half Italian," says Papale in a mock whisper. He's tooling his blue Datsun 260Z through the claustrophobic side streets of South Philly. Crowds of handsome, hard-eyed boys cluster on the street corners, dribbling basketballs and talking cool with their girl friends. "If they ever find out"—he gestures at the kids—"I'm done for. My mother is of Welsh descent. Her maiden name was Almira Sage. What's worse, I'm not even a Catholic. My mother's quite a gal. Played shortstop here in Philly for the Raphael Bobbies in a women's hardball league—profes- *continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE

Thanks to his headhunting on the special teams, Papale now has all of Philadelphia at his feet

sional ball. Hey, she actually got paid for it! I got a picture of her up spearing a line drive. Whenever I wanted to have a catch and my dad was at work on the evening shift at Westinghouse, she could do it. She had a better arm in those days than anyone on the block, other than my dad. The first hardball glove I had was my mom's; it was the old type, you know, no webbing between the fingers and very little padding. I learned what it was like to get stung very early on in life."

Papale is a shaggy-haired, ebullient extrovert with the looks of a younger, tougher Joe Namath but none of his "In crowd" slicks. His mood is more that of a rookie than of an "old man." Born in Chester, Pa., southwest of Philadelphia in Delaware County, he grew up in suburban Glenolden where he was the Seattle Slew of his housing project.

"Nobody could outrun me," Papale says. "Every night we'd have a footrace in the big recreation area in the center of the project. The dads would sit in their canvas chairs making book and laying off bets. I always went off at 1 to 5, and I retired undefeated."

As a kid, Squint, as he was then called, already showed athletic versatility. He was a stick-out at baseball, basketball and football, as well as in running. "The only hangup was my size," he recalls. "At 13 I was 4′ 11″ and 85 pounds. As a senior in high school I'd barely reached 5′ 5″ and 145 pounds. Thank God, I grew late." Between the ages of 18 and 21 Papale added nine inches and 40 pounds to top out at a respectable 6′ 2″ by 185 pounds. Still, a lack of size never deterred his hopes. In his first game in the Delaware County 100-pound league, Papale took a double-reverse hand-off and skittered 99 yards for a touchdown, "carrying the ball in one hand and holding up my pants with the other."

He hit .510 for the JVs at Interboro High School and competed in the high hurdles and long jump for the varsity track team. He excelled in the pole vault. In his first dual meet, Papale vaulted 11′ 2″ for a school record, and by the time he was 18 he had hit 14′ 4″.

"But the main thing I wanted to play was football," Papale says. "That's where the size hurt me. I was afraid to go out until my senior year, because I was so small." But Papale made it as an offensive end and teamed with Quarterback Jim Haynie (who played for West Chester State College and was later drafted by the Minnesota Vikings) to lead the league, win All-City honors and set a school record for most receptions in a season.

"Part of the reason I loved football so much was because they wouldn't let me play," he says. "But a lot of it was my identification with the Eagles. My dad and I had season tickets and we sat in the upper deck with the rest of the real people, eating our hearts out for the 'Yiggles.' Tommy McDonald was my guy—a little dude who'd run through a brick wall to catch a pass. When I finally made the team, I wore Tommy McDonald football shoes and a single-bar mask like he did, and when I got hit I'd hop right up again, just like Tommy. I actually met him once—him and Bednarik—after some banquet and told him I wanted to be an Eagle, too. But everyone said I was too little. 'Ahh, they told me that same crap,' McDonald said. 'Don't believe it. Just keep shootin', kid, and you'll do it.' That meant more for me, even then, than his autograph."

Unfortunately for his real ambition, the only sport in which Papale could win an athletic scholarship was track—at St. Joseph's College in the Wynnefield section of Philadelphia. And St. Joe's had no football team. Shelving football for the time being, he concentrated on track, competing once again all over the lot—pole vault, triple jump and long jump (in all of which he set school records); high jump and 120-yard hurdles, plus relays. During two of his college seasons he was the top scorer in the Middle Atlantic Conference meet, winning the vault and the triple and high jumps, and finishing second in the pole vault. Coach Kevin Quinn called him the best natural athlete he had ever coached.

"But there ain't no pro track," says Papale, "at least nothing you'd want to dedicate your life to. So when I graduated I took a job teaching accounting, bookkeeping and business law at Interboro High. I was also the head track coach and an assistant football coach. I kept in top shape. By the time I was 24, I had decided to take a crack at the '72 Olympics in the decathlon. I started a weight program and entered a lot of meets as an independent. I hoped to get enough points to make the Olympic Trials. But it's tough as an independent. The track establishment treats you like a leper. When I sent an application to the Drake Relays, the director sent me back the snottiest, most

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degrading letter I'd ever received. In effect he said, 'Who do you think you are? We don't let jerks just walk in off the street and mess up our fancy meet.' I never felt lower in my life. But that letter proved to be a big help to me, a goad of sorts. After I'd crumpled it up, I took it out of the trash can and kept it on my desk. Whenever I felt like quitting, I'd read it again and say to myself, 'I'm going to show you who I am, you bleepety bleep.' Now it's framed on my wall, along with some pictures from the Eagles. That's what I call my 'Last Laugh Corner.'"

Papale wheeled the car to a halt outside a restaurant called, simply, The Sa-

Papale caught his first pass in the 1977 opener

loon. Entering through a door marked LADIES, he was greeted by the maître d' and some of the drinkers bellied up to the antique wood bar. "Hey, Vince! How's it goin', man?" "Hey, give 'em hell on Sunday!" Slaps on the back, warm grins, light punches to the shoulder. The interior was dark with the richness of restored wood, lit by cut-glass chandeliers and guttering candles, which made the pewter and fine china gleam. An elegant eatery.

"So I didn't make the decathlon trial," Papale continues, after taking his seat at a corner table and ordering a white Dubonnet on the rocks. "During the time I was training, I'd break up the weights and track routine by playing in the Delaware County Rough Touch League. I was on four teams from 1969 to last year—Cannon's Cafe, the Deecon Ale House, The Gross Place and Maximillian's. Actually, the first three were all the same bar, under different names, just around the corner from Widener College in Chester, where the Eagles' training camp is.

"Delco League rough touch is just what it says—no pads, hard hitting—and seven men on a side. I was a wide receiver, and although I led the league in receptions, I also collected three broken ribs, a dislocated jaw and a couple of concussions. We played on a field behind a rock-'n-roll joint called the T-Bar—all rocks and broken beer bottles, with here and there a patch of worn-out grass. We had more fights in that league than touchdowns. They used to say, if you wanted to train for Delco ball, go down to Acapulco and dive off the cliffs—no fair aiming for the water. That's where I learned to hit—and to like it."

Later, Papale signed on with a local semipro football team, the Aston Knights, and in 1973 was the second leading receiver in the Seaboard Football League, with 60 receptions. The next year he won a tryout with the World Football League's Philadelphia Bell and, with his 4.5 speed in the 40, plus his willingness to mix it up on special teams, was among the handful of the 800 aspirants to make the squad. He was 28 years old.

"I beat out some NFL veterans to make the Bell," he says, "and on opening day in 1974 I was the starting split end. But they rarely threw the ball my way, so I stayed on playing rough touch for The Gross Place. That way I at least got to feel the ball every now and then. I was pretty proud to have made it all the way to a pro team, even though the WFL wasn't the NFL by a long shot, and the Bell sure wasn't the Eagles. Even at that, when the Bell went under with the rest of the league in '75, I took it pretty hard. My first marriage had broken up largely because of my insistence that I could and would make it, first as a decathlon star, then as a pro football player.

"I began to wonder if I hadn't been kidding myself all along. When that worm of doubt starts eating at your guts, it's pretty miserable, especially late at night. Thank God for Sandy—that's my girl, Sandy Bianchini. We got married last June. She kept my spirits up when I would have quit otherwise. Then Rich Iannarella, who'd been general manager of the Bell, became my agent and got

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***PAPALE** continued*

the Eagles to give me a look at their rookie camp in the spring of '76. I'd written to the Eagles, asking for a tryout, back when Mike McCormack was coach, and had been told firmly but politely to shove off with the rest of the kooks. But this time they said, O.K., come on down."

What new Coach Dick Vermeil saw impressed him. Papale had speed and sure hands, but most of all, he exemplified what Vermeil calls Eagle Effort. Says the coach, "He had everything going against him—30 years old and no college football experience. But he didn't drop a pass, and he could turn a 4.5-second 40 in tall grass. And he tried, tried and tried. I didn't care if he was 80 and a granddad. I wanted him in camp."

Knowing he needed to be in better shape than anyone else in camp, Papale quit his coaching job at Interboro High and began the grueling task of preparation. From April to July of last year he worked out daily at Veterans Stadium, ran countless miles through the side streets of South Philly, quit smoking, lifted weights, and ran wind sprints until his lungs felt like they were poking out of his nostrils.

"Even with all that work, I think down deep I wasn't really convinced I could make it," Papale says. "Those first weeks in camp were the toughest days of my life. Dick Vermeil works you hard—two-a-days every day for what feels like forever. A lot of the veterans would have nothing to do with me, except call me Sandlot. Some of the guys resented the fact that I was trying to take a job away from their buddies. One day a cornerback dumped me extra hard after I'd caught a pass and I got a slight shoulder separation. But I had it taped up and came out for the next session.

"The thing that helped was that Widener is near my home turf, so my dad and relatives, and even my buddies from The Gross Place and the Delco League, would show up at practice and yell their heads off whenever I caught a pass." In fact, Papale once went a whole week, two practices a day, without dropping a single pass. That, plus his hard hitting and sharp blocking, confirmed Vermeil's initial opinion of Papale. Whenever his name would come up at cut meetings, Vermeil would say no. "He's a character player," the coach said. "We need more like him, not less."

Papale caught 10 passes in the Eagles' preseason to lead the team and showed

his toughness by taking no guff from opposing defensive backs. When Patriot Safety Tim Fox slammed an elbow under his chin and chipped three teeth (inflicting, as well, a deep tongue cut and a general loosening of all his lower dentition), Papale bided his time and then blind-sided one of the Patriots' defensive backs on the next series. He made it through the early cuts, but on the Monday before the regular season opener—that dreaded "Blue Monday" when a squad has to come down to the final 43-man roster—he was still in doubt.

"I was sitting by my locker just watching Dick's door," Papale recalls. "About noon he came out and saw me staring. He started to walk over to me and my heart went like into the deep freeze. I figured this was it and picked up my playbook to give him. Instead he puts out his hand for a shake. 'You made it, old man,' he says. I ran right out and called my dad. When I told him I was an Eagle, we both busted out crying like a couple of girls."

In the Eagles' 1976 home opener, a 20–7 win over the New York Giants, Papale's ferocious coverage under Spike Jones' high punt enabled him to force a fumble and recover it on the New York 10. That set up an insurance touchdown, and Papale was an instant hero to the usually contemptuous Vet Stadium fans. He hattened on the adulation and the sportswriters' ink. "I've never seen a man play with such intensity," says Rod Rust, who coaches the special teams. "Vince will get knocked down three times, bounce up and still make the tackle. On punts, teams will put three or four blockers against him and even then they can't contain him."

"He's emotional," says Spike Jones, "but he backs it up with sharp play. He's the best punt-coverage man I've ever worked with. When I get my foot into the ball, I know that if it can be gotten to, Vince'll get to it."

With 6' 8", 225-pound Harold Carmichael at one receiver and speedy Charles Smith at the other, Papale knows he's not going to see many passes come his way. When they do, though, he catches them. In Philadelphia's upset of the Patriots in an exhibition game this summer, he scored his first NFL touchdown. As with so many of his breaks, this was a big one—the game-winning score. Rookie Quarterback Mike Cordova threw from the Pats' 14, and although Cornerback Raymond Clayborn deflected the ball slightly, Papale made a diving catch in the end zone. The Eagles, down 10–0 at the half, took a 14–10 lead and went on to win 21–10. "I don't often dream about football the night before a game," Papale says, "but that night I did. I dreamed we won, 20–13. I guess I'm a slightly conservative dreamer."

Not really. When you consider that Vince Papale has realized the dream of every aging would-be jock from Hemingway's Robert Cohn through Thurber's Walter Mitty to Sylvester Stallone's Rocky Balboa, then he's got to be the most radical dreamer of them all. And he's not fiction. **END**

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by WILLIAM LEGGETT

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MEREDITH, COSELL AND GIFFORD HELD A SUBDUED REUNION

In prime-time television, eight years might as well be a millennium. Only five nighttime programs currently on the air have lasted that long, *Wonderful World of Disney*, *Hawaii Five-O*, *All in the Family*, *The Carol Burnett Show*—and *Monday Night Football*. But even more remarkable than pro football's longevity is the lack of fanfare with which this usually brassy show began its eighth season on ABC two weeks ago.

Despite the absence of pre-kickoff hype, however, *MNF* started with a bang, pulling a 35% share of the audience for what turned out to be a very dull game in which the Steelers routed the 49ers 27–0. One reason for the high rating undoubtedly was the return to the *MNF* broadcasting booth of Don Meredith, one of the men most responsible for making the show a television staple.

The Monday night games may well have their highest ratings this year, with the schedule including two appearances apiece by the Steelers, Raiders, Cowboys, Rams, Colts, Cardinals and Redskins, as well as games involving the Patriots, Bears and O. J. Simpson. Says Director Chet Forte, "Our schedule looks much better than last year, when we had a lot of clinkers. But the first game this season was probably the worst one we've ever had. I guess one of the reasons the people stayed tuned in was that Meredith had come back."

Forte's assumption about Meredith could be right. The announcers' role has always been more prominent on *MNF* than on other football telecasts. The revolutionary three-man team gave the Monday night game a distinctive tone from the very beginning, and even when Meredith left Frank Gifford and Howard Cosell for NBC after four seasons, ABC continued to emphasize hype and hijinks in the booth. This has tended to obscure another reason for *MNF*'s popularity: the technical excellence that the network brings to its coverage. The best way to spot this quality is to turn off the TV sound and listen to Lindsey Nelson's radio broadcasts of the game while watching ABC's pictures.

Because NBC and CBS have to produce 185 NFL games a season—compared to the 14 that ABC carries—*Monday Night Football*'s camera work should be better. "Naturally that's a big advantage," says Don Ohlmeyer, who produced the Monday evening games for four seasons before moving to NBC. "You need only one crew. It's handpicked, and the announcers know the people they are working with. On the other two networks, broadcasters often work with different technical people every week. But the important thing about *MNF* is that it expanded the audience for professional football tremendously, and women who wouldn't watch on Sunday afternoons got caught up in the Monday night games."

"During the first few years of *Monday Night Football*," says Meredith, "we really had to go into the woods and shake the trees. We appeared everywhere." Some of the people who worked for *MNF* in its early days think that Meredith grew tired of all the hyping that after four seasons he had had more than enough. "Don is his own man," says Ohlmeyer. "At any time he might just up and decide to write or act or go sit under a tree. That's the great part about him."

When Meredith, who at the time had almost no TV experience, joined *MNF* he worked closely with Forte. "We did a couple of exhibition games, and Don was really having problems," says Forte. "I kept telling him to try to do what came naturally. By the third game his talent emerged."

In 1974 Meredith went to NBC because, he says, he wanted to try acting. He was replaced by Fred Williamson, who failed miserably, and then by Alex Karras, who did the games for three years with modest success. Meredith rejoined ABC with a five-year contract that delineates his roles more precisely than did his deal with NBC. "My contract with NBC didn't define things too clearly," Don says. "I did some acting on *Police Story* and *Police Woman*, plus an episode of *McCloud*. With ABC I'll do some movies and other things. Actually, I don't have to do all the Monday night games."

Meredith worked the last three football seasons at NBC with Curt Gowdy, who says, "Don has a sense of humor that makes everyone feel comfortable. And his wit is apt to come out at any time. The oddest thing I remember him doing happened before the opening game last year. Don showed up with a briefcase."

Before the first Monday night broadcast this season, Meredith walked into a production meeting, again carrying a briefcase. "That shook me up a little bit," says Forte. "He had all the *names* and numbers in there and the three-deep charts. Obviously we are dealing with a different Dandy Don. Because the first game was so dull, I can't tell yet which way Don is going to go this season. He didn't sing, that I know. Usually at the end of a Monday night game there are a thousand beefs about people talking too much. But our opener this year had none of that. Even Howard was very subdued."

Perhaps in its eighth season *Monday Night Football* may be mature enough not to sound like *Hee-Haw*. Maybe the halftimes will not find the broadcast booth filled with dancing bears and rock singers and everyone who has shaken hands more than twice with Roone Arledge. But one should not hope for too much in one year. Somehow, if Meredith doesn't render at least one chorus of "Turn out the lights, the party's over," the season will not seem like the season at all. END

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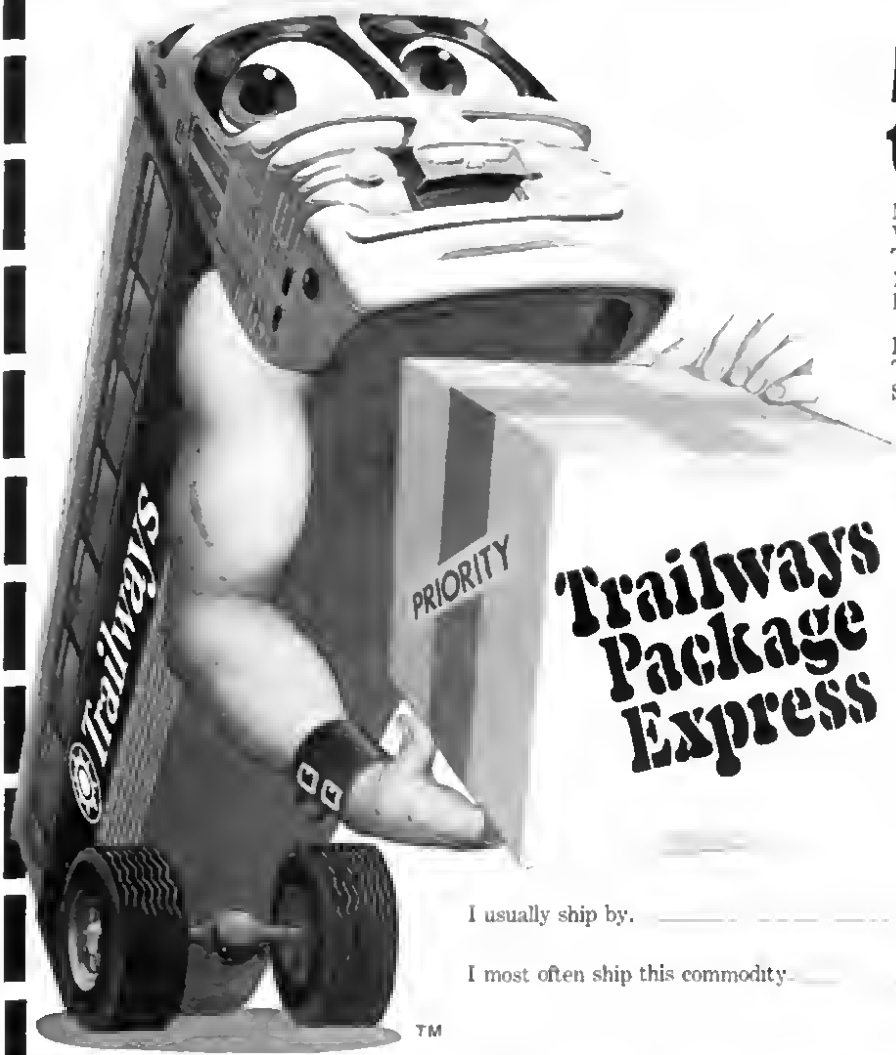

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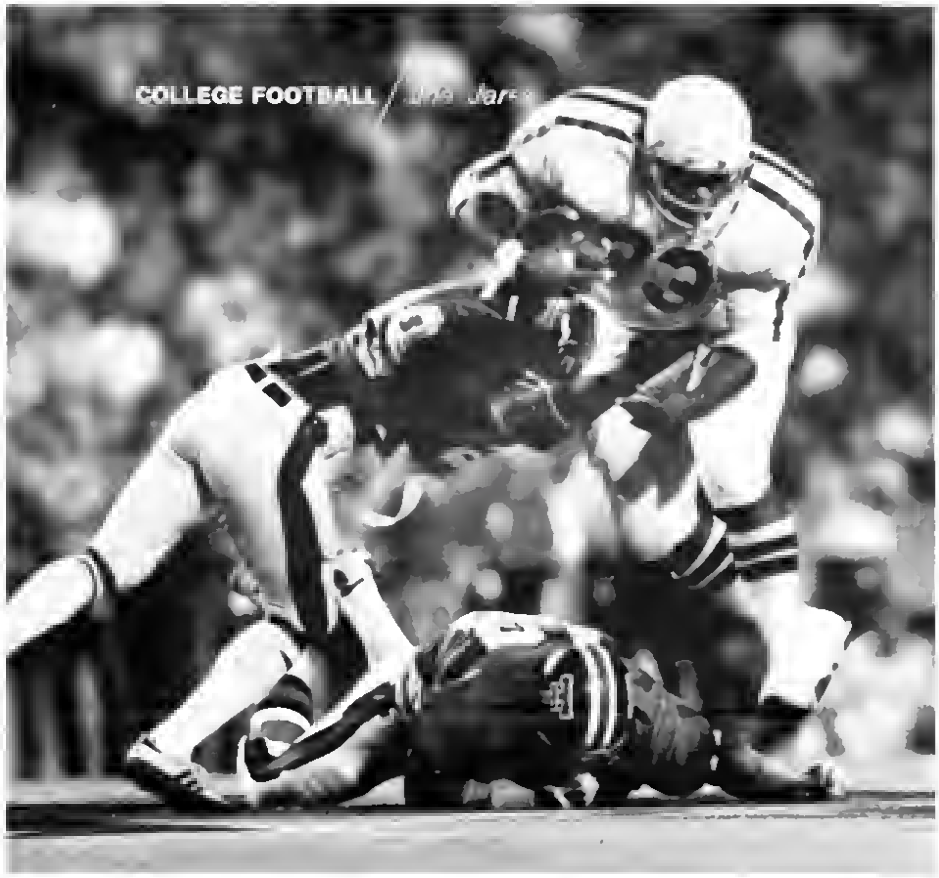

He really pounds it out

Weighing 270—or 280—Texas A&M's George Woodard looks more like a lineman than a back, but he has run the 100 in 9.9 and is helping the Aggies rush to the top

Last Thursday the *Avalanche-Journal* in Lubbock, Texas, home of the Texas Tech Red Raiders, ran a cartoon of an obese giant that was labeled "Gross George," who had "arrived on a freight train this morning." The cargo was Texas A&M Fullback George Woodard, who would be facing the Raiders on Saturday night. Woodard, who is 6 feet tall, weighs either 270 or 280 pounds, depending on whether he steps on the scales after practice or after dessert, and in the Southwest stories about him, apocryphal and otherwise, are replacing Aggie jokes. Not only stories but wisecracks, insults and tributes. To wit:

In the season opener against Kansas, Woodard broke a couple of tackles at the line of scrimmage and raced toward the goal line 51 yards away. At about the five, a defender leaped on his back. Without breaking stride, Woodard continued into the end zone, spiked the would-be tackler and calmly handed the ball to an official.

"He's not a fullback, he's a Winnebago," said Texas Tech Coach Steve Sloan.

"Our PE department conducted a test and submerged George in a tank of water," said A&M trainer Billy Pickard. "They found he had only 3% more body fat than a normal person of his build. They told us they didn't think George would ever get much below 260."

As a petite 238-pound high school senior in Van Vleck, Texas, Woodard won the district 100-yard dash in 9.9 and the state shotput title with a heave of 63′ 2″.

"I don't know what George weighs," said A&M Coach Emory Bellard. "I just know he weighs more than he did at birth but less than King Kong."

Woodard's thighs measure 30 inches around, his neck 18½ inches.

To photograph him without a wide-angle lens, one must move back 20 yards.

Humor aside, the Aggies have more than an immense fullback. They have a potent wishbone attack designed by Bellard, who helped pioneer that formation when he was an assistant to Darrell Royal at Texas. In charge is senior Quarterback David Walker, a good lefty passer and an outstanding reader of defenses. After Walker became the starting quarterback last year, A&M won its final seven games, including a 37–14 victory over Florida in the Sun Bowl.

A&M also has in its backfield sophomore Curtis Dickey, a 9.4 sprinter in high school, who grew up just a mile or two from the A&M campus. He never even visited another college—in part because he was sure he wanted to stay and play close to his mother. Bellard and his staff have taught him how to block, which he didn't have to do at Bryan High but which is required of every back in the wishbone. Nobody had to teach Dickey how to run.

And if Woodard's hulk, Walker's arm or Dickey's legs can't get the Aggies on the scoreboard, there is always Tony Franklin's bare right foot. A junior from Fort Worth, he kicked field goals of 64 and 65 yards last season against Baylor. He approaches the ball like a sidewinder, but he kicks with the top of his foot rather than the side. Before the Texas Tech game he put on an astonishing display.

"He must have kicked 15 65-yard field goals in warmups," marveled Sloan. "That's intimidating. Maybe I should have blindfolded my team."

The A&M-Tech game was the biggest thing to hit Lubbock since a 1970 tornado literally twisted the tallest building (20 stories) in town. A record 55,008 people packed Jones Stadium to see sixth-ranked A&M and seventh-ranked Tech lambast each other in what many believed would be the game to decide the Southwest Conference title. Back at College Station, home of A&M, 6,000 more watched on closed-circuit TV.

For connoisseurs of collegiate rah-rah, there was no better place in America to be last weekend. Tech's Saddle Tramps, a booster group, rang their cowbells, A&M's student body, collectively known as "The Twelfth Man," continued its custom of standing throughout the game. A Tech student dressed up as the Zorro-like Red Raider and rode a black horse on the stadium's $45,000 rubberized

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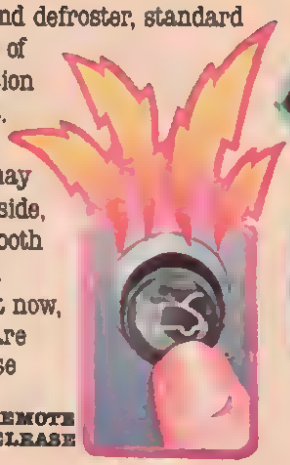

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

track and another student dressed up as a mustachioed bandit, Raider Red, waved huge papier-mâché pistols. A&M brought its mascot, a collie named Reveille IV. There were bands, coeds, pompons, blue cotton candy and hysteria.

Within the sidelines, Texas Tech had Rodney Allison, fearless hunter of rattlesnakes around his hometown of Odessa, Texas and a quarterback considered by many to be the best in the country. He had always been a skillful runner, but Sloan has made a passer out of him, too. "An absolute Houdini," Sloan calls him.

"They keep a lot of pressure on you offensively and have a great quarterback to trigger it," said Bellard. "They can burn you, even when you are in good position defensively."

Bellard also was worried about Woodard, who had injured a groin muscle the previous week in A&M's 27–6 defeat of Virginia Tech and would not start. Which is probably why Sloan did not carry out his threat to start the Red Raider's horse as Tech's fullback.

Tech felt even better after scoring on the game's first series. A screen pass from Allison to Tailback Mark Julian was good for 51 yards and a touchdown. But disaster struck moments later in the form of an Aggie safety blitz. Usually a veer quarterback gets hurt on an option play while pitching out or carrying the ball himself, but Allison's injury came on a drop-back pass, A&M Safety Carl Grulich tackling him 19 yards behind the line of scrimmage. Allison broke a bone in his left leg and, at the earliest, he does not figure to be back until the Texas game on Oct. 29.

In a second-period goal-line stand, the Red Raiders kept Woodard out of the end zone on four straight plays, the last time stopping him for no gain at the one-yard line. A&M tied the score on Walker's first touchdown pass of the season, but Tech took the lead back just before halftime on a school-record, 57-yard field goal by walk-on Bill (Blade) Adams, who had just been given a scholarship.

After a Walker-to-Dickey screen pass went 68 yards for another Aggie touchdown early in the third period, Tech took the lead for the third and last time, recovering a fumble on the A&M 16 and carrying it in four plays later to make the score 17–14.

The fourth quarter was all A&M. Franklin kicked field goals of 48, 25, 51 and 39 yards, Linebacker Roderick Reed returned an intercepted pass 25 yards for a touchdown, and Franklin's kick made the final score 33–17, Texas A&M.

"Great teams overcome injuries," said Sloan. "Poor field position in the second half hurt us worse than anything else. Because of it, we were limited in the things we could do."

"Tech was tough in the middle," said Walker, who played the fourth quarter with an injured pinky on his passing hand. "We had problems all night in the middle. It was a fight. It was the toughest fight I've ever been in."

Woodard, who had averaged 5.5 yards per carry in the first two games of the season, averaged 3.27 against Tech (59 yards on 18 carries) and insisted he had been only 75% of his usual self. Dickey, who had been averaging 8.98 per carry, averaged less than 3.0 Saturday night, but caught six passes for 117 yards.

The Aggies have another road trip this weekend, to Ann Arbor for a collision with Michigan before the usual Michigan Stadium crowd of 100,000-plus.

"Against Michigan I'll definitely be 100%," said Woodard. "We want it bad. We want to be No. 1 in the nation."

What a 270-pound fullback wants, he usually gets. And so does a 280-pound fullback.

THE WEEK

by RON REID

EAST On the morning of the Penn State-Maryland game, a damp and dejected hitchhiker stood in State College, Pa., bearing a rain-streaked sign that read ANYWHERE BUT HERE.

Maryland, which was ripped by the Lions 27–9, probably felt the same that afternoon. With wins over Rutgers, Houston and now the Terps, even cautious Penn State Coach Joe Paterno should be convinced that his Lions rank with the best. Sparked by the passing of Quarterback Chuck Fusina, who tied a school record for completions by connecting on 19 of 29 passes for 286 yards and two touchdowns, Penn State rebounded from a 3-all halftime deadlock to beat Maryland for the 22nd time in 23 meetings.

Defenses dominated through the first half when both teams combined for but 60 yards rushing, and a Fusina bomb for Flanker Jimmy Cefalo was defused by Jon Claiborne, son of Terp Coach Jerry, who batted the pass away. The momentum swung the Lions' way when Maryland settled for an 18-yard field goal by Ed Loncar. The kick came on the last play of the first half, after the Terps had driven to a first down at the Penn State two-yard line. Maryland went for the field goal after three running plays netted one yard. "That defensive stand in the first half really psyched us up at halftime," Cefalo said of the locker-room meeting, during which Paterno told his team, 'You're going to find out some things about yourselves today."

Early in the third quarter, Fusina found Cefalo again, but this time unencumbered by Claiborne or anyone else. The result was a 58-yard touchdown pass that dampened the Terps' spirit more perceptibly than the rain.

Fusina threw another touchdown pass in the fourth quarter, a 20-yarder to Halfback Mike Guman, before Tony Capozzoli connected with Cefalo on a seven-yard scoring pass in the last 40 seconds. The Lions' Matt Bahr, who kicked two field goals, also set a school record of six consecutive successful kicks. The old record of five was held by his brother Chris, now with the Cincinnati Bengals. "I think we're starting to develop the poise it takes to be a good football team," Paterno said. "We hung tough and didn't crack."

After losing 76–0 to Pitt in one of the week's biggest mismatches, Temple Coach Wayne Hardin was asked if there was that much disparity between the two teams. "The disparity?" he said. "I don't think it's *that* much but we just can't hand anyone four or five touchdowns." Pitt got 11 touchdowns all told, even though Panther Coach Jackie Sherrill used 20 freshmen. One of them, Quarterback Rick Trocano, ran for three scores and passed for another while playing only in the first half. Temple, which fumbled 12 times, losing eight, did not get past its own 46-yard line in the second half.

'Everybody knows Army's Leamon Hall is a tremendous passer," said Boston College Linebacker Rich Scudellari. "Not to take anything away from him, but we felt all along that our guy was better and I guess today he proved it." Indeed BC Quarterback Ken Smith tossed a school-record five touchdown passes as he connected on 19 of 30 for 301 yards to rout the Cadets 49–28. A loser in 19 straight road games, Army had tied the score at 28 early in the fourth quarter. Shortly thereafter, Receiver Mike (Bucky) Godbolt told Smith in the huddle, "I can beat this guy if you get me the ball." Smith agreed, so the guy, Army Defensive Back David Charest, who had been burned on three previous touchdown passes, got another scorch mark when Smith threw down the middle to Godbolt for a 69-yard scoring play that broke the game open. Smith also connected on three touchdown passes to Pete LaBoy and another to Paul McCarty.

Hall acquitted himself nobly in defeat, completing 23 of 39 passes for three touchdowns and 268 yards, which enabled him to

continued

eclipse the Army career total-offense record of 4,129 yards held by Glenn Davis. Hall's record now stands at 4,327 yards.

Syracuse got its first victory when David Jacobs kicked a 31-yard field goal in the last 23 seconds to beat Washington 22–20. The Huskies had taken a 20–19 lead minutes earlier on Warren Moon's four-yard run but a conversion pass attempt failed.

Dartmouth employed similar means to defeat Holy Cross 17–14, Nick Lowery booting a 40-yard field goal with two seconds left.

In an intrastate rivalry, Brown defeated Rhode Island 28–10 as Quarterback Mark Whipple twice scrambled for touchdowns to give the Ivy League school its fourth straight win over the Rams.

In the oldest collegiate football rivalry of them all, Rutgers scored a 10–6 victory over Princeton in the 68th meeting between the two teams. The Scarlet Knights broke a 3-all tie in the third quarter when Bert Kosup threw a 29-yard touchdown pass to Walt Hynoski. After the kickoff, a 19-play Princeton drive was halted on the Rutgers five and the Tigers had to settle for a field goal by Chris Howe. A subsequent rally failed with less than two minutes left when the Tigers fumbled on the Rutgers 17.

In other games, Yale defeated Connecticut 23–12, Dayton edged Villanova 21–17, Massachusetts blanked Harvard 17–0 and Columbia beat Lafayette 21–10.

1. PENN STATE (3–0)
2. PITTSBURGH (2–1) 3. YALE (2–0)

SOUTH

The Southeast Conference's unbeaten list was reduced to one as Florida overcame injuries, mistakes and the clock to upset Mississippi State 24–22. The Gators, who once led 17–0, trailed 22–17 with 2:41 left, but Quarterback Terry LeCount, although dizzy from a blow to the head, scrambled 16 yards on third and long, connected on two passes for 20 yards and suddenly had the Gators at the State 16 with 1:16 remaining. Then LeCount dropped back to pass but couldn't find a receiver open, so, as he said, "I had to take off. I only had the linebacker to beat. I thought about going out of bounds at the 10 to stop the clock, but instead I put a move on the linebacker and it worked. I was at the one, got hit and the momentum carried me over. Whew, I can't believe it!"

Neither could State Coach Bob Tyler, a 34–30 loser to Florida last year. However, second-guessers had a field day thanks to one of Tyler's fourth-quarter decisions. With little more than three minutes left and State ahead 22–17, Tyler chose to go for a first down on fourth and one at the Florida 33. Scott Hutchinson, the Gator middle guard, piled up the running play. Florida took over on downs and marched up the field for the winning touchdown. Asked why he didn't punt, Tyler angrily started to write his high school coaching record on a blackboard. Then he said that he simply wanted to keep the football.

Controversy—and booing—also accompanied Bear Bryant in the final moments of Alabama's 24–12 triumph over Vanderbilt. The Crimson Tide had just scored its final touchdown on a two-yard blast by Johnny Davis with 38 seconds to play and, instead of lining up for the extra-point kick, 'Bama came out in the wishbone and tried an unsuccessful pitchout for a two-point conversion. The crowd of 34,694 at Vandy's Dudley Field reacted raucously, and Commodore Head Coach Fred Pancoast also had words for the Bear.

"I told Coach Bryant, we coaches have a good fraternity," he said, "and that I thought it was cheap of him to go for two points. He told me he was studying his charts and they told him the percentages were such that he should go for two. He wasn't looking at any charts, though."

I told Pancoast the same thing I'm telling you," Bryant said, defending his decision. "It's in the book. There are certain scores that require two-point attempts. It's automatic with me and my team. You go for two when you are ahead by 12 or 19. You do not change things like that or you might get into bad habits." With 38 seconds to go and leading by 12 points?

Davis rushed for 156 yards on 24 carries. However, the senior fullback was also thrown for a loss for the first time in his career. To prove it was no fluke, Vandy did it twice.

All week, Kentucky fans grumbled about Derrick Ramsey, the 6' 5", 217-pound senior quarterback from New Jersey who had fared miserably in a 21–6 loss to Baylor. Against West Virginia, however, Ramsey's passes were on target, especially a 50-yard touchdown throw to freshman Felix Wilson that gave Kentucky a 14–7 lead en route to a 28–13 victory. Ramsey ran for 86 yards, passed for 71 and heard cheers for a change. "The hell with the fans," he said. "I just came down here to play. I'm going to do my time and get out."

At Columbia, S.C., Vince Dooley won his 100th game as Georgia survived six lost fumbles to edge South Carolina 15–13 on freshman Rex Robinson's 22-yard field goal with 6:33 to play.

Miami stopped Florida State's passing game and rallied for 13 points in the fourth quarter to beat the Seminoles 23–17. The Hurricanes tied the game at 17 when backup Quarterback Kenny McMillian capped a 79-yard scoring drive with a three-yard pass to Karl Monroe, and won it on Chris Dennis' two 47-yard field goals.

Clemson improved its record to 2–1 with a 31–14 rout of Georgia Tech as Quarterback Steve Fuller ran for two touchdowns and combined with Jerry Butler on a 66-yard pass play for another.

At Knoxville, Auburn, which was trailing 12–0 at one point, stopped three Tennessee drives in the second half and went on to beat the Vols 14–12 in the Southeast Conference opener for both teams.

LSU handed Rice the most lopsided loss in the Owls' history 77–0, Duke decked Virginia 31–7, Memphis State beat Virginia Tech 21–20 in the last two seconds, Southern Mississippi upset Ole Miss 27–19 and North Carolina State beat Wake Forest 41–14.

1. ALABAMA (2–1)
2. FLORIDA (2–0) 3. MISSISSIPPI ST. (2–1)

MIDWEST

"I've seen fewer passes made in some basketball games," said one incredulous observer after Notre Dame and Purdue had staged a three-hour, 20-minute show that featured a total of 93 pass attempts, 49 completions, 666 yards, six touchdowns and the same number of interceptions. In the end, the Irish escaped with a 31–24 victory as third-string Quarterback Joe Montana, who hadn't played since 1975, led them to 17 fourth-quarter points that wiped out a 24–14 Boilermaker lead.

Purdue Quarterback Mark Herrmann, a freshman from Carmel, Ind., grew up hoping that someday he would play for Notre Dame. Instead, he stung the Irish with 24 completions for 351 yards and three touchdowns as he fired a Purdue-record 51 passes.

In the first half, Herrmann befuddled the Notre Dame pass rushers by taking only a five-yard drop and running his backs on flare patterns.

But in the second half, Defensive End Ross Browner and company chased Herrmann deeper into the pocket and sacked him seven times. Heisman Trophy candidate Browner twice tackled Herrmann for losses. Asked if he had said anything to the 18-year-old quarterback, Browner replied, "I never talk to the guys I tackle. I just drop 'em and leave 'em."

The hero of the Irish comeback was Montana, who sat out all of last season with a shoulder separation and was a bench warmer in Notre Dame's first two games and the first 43:23 last Saturday. On his first play, Montana handed off to Dave Mitchell who fumbled over to Purdue, but on the next series Montana took the Irish to a 24-yard field goal by Dave Reeve. Moments later he drew the Irish even when he hit Tight End Ken MacAfee with a 13-yard touchdown pass. Montana next moved the Irish 58 yards in five plays to the Purdue five-yard line, and with only 1:39 to play, Mitchell ran for the winning touchdown. All told, Montana completed nine of 14 passes for 154 yards.

Taking a cue from Mary Poppins, the Minnesota cheerleaders left two small pieces of candy at each player's locker, along with the message SAVE YOUR SWEETNESS FOR TONIGHT. GET NASTY NOW. The Gophers responded with a 27–13 upset of 18th-ranked UCLA. Minnesota Fullback Jeff Thompson scored two

touchdowns, and the Gopher defense forced six fumbles and got two interceptions.

The Michigan-Navy game in Ann Arbor was supposed to be like taking candy from a baby, but the No. 1-ranked Wolverines stumbled to a 14–7 win over the Midshipmen, who were a 29-point underdog. Michigan got two first-half touchdowns—and a first-quarter fumble at the Navy one-yard line—from Harlan Huckleby and then hung on as the outmanned Middies gamely fought to preserve their five-game win streak. "We're not playing very well at either end of the field—offensively or defensively," said Wolverine Coach Bo Schembechler. "We'll find out something when we play Texas A&M."

At East Lansing, Michigan State trailed Wyoming 16–0 after a first half that Spartan Coach Darryl Rogers called "the worst performance I've ever been associated with." Whatever words Rogers had for his players at halftime obviously were compelling. Taking advantage of the kind of gifts they had presented to Wyoming in the first half, the Spartans recovered three Wyoming fumbles inside the Cowboy 20-yard line and turned two of them into touchdowns en route to a 34–16 victory. Michigan State Quarterback Ed Smith completed 16 of 39 passes for 296 yards and one touchdown.

Washington State, which had upset Nebraska and Michigan State on the passing arm of Jack Thompson, lost to Kansas 14–12 as Thompson was 24 of 47 for 293 yards but was intercepted three times. Jayhawk Safety Tom Fitch made two of them, taking one 75 yards for a touchdown. His other steal set up a 31-yard touchdown drive. WSU had a chance to win on the game's final play, but Paul Watson, who accounted for all the WSU points with four field goals, barely missed on a 32-yard attempt.

California rallied to beat Missouri 28–21 behind walk-on Quarterback Gary Graumann, a JC transfer playing in his first game for the Bears. Graumann directed two drives for Cal, one in each half. The first was a 10-play, 79-yard march that ended in Paul Jones' 20-yard touchdown run; the second was a 12-play, 80-yard drive that Graumann capped by throwing a 12-yard touchdown pass to Split End Jesse Thompson, wiping out Missouri's 21–20 lead with 2:50 left in the game. Jones became the fifth runner in Cal history to gain 200 yards in a game, rushing for exactly that number on a school-record 35 carries. The win made it three straight for Cal, the first time it has opened in that fashion since 1968. Missouri has lost its first three for the first time since 1956.

Nebraska's 90th consecutive sellout crowd watched I. M. Hipp demonstrate that he was just that in a 31–10 conquest of Baylor. Replacing Tailback Rick Berns—who had injured his hip, of course—Hipp gained 122 yards in 18 carries and scored his first touchdown on a 14-yard run.

Arizona trounced Iowa 41–7, Oklahoma State routed Texas El Paso 54–0, North Carolina ripped Northwestern 41–7, Colorado stung New Mexico 42–7 and Miami of Ohio edged Indiana 21–20.

1. OKLAHOMA (3–0)
2. MICHIGAN (3–0) 3. OHIO STATE (2–1)

WEST Streaking, so to speak, was again in style at the Los Angeles Coliseum, where USC pulverized Texas Christian 51–0 to chalk up its 14th straight victory and hand the Horned Frogs their 14th straight defeat. Both streaks are the longest among major schools and the outcome was hardly surprising. The second-ranked Trojans, with 10 different players scoring, amassed 642 yards of total offense, which isn't even close to the school record—the 1925 Trojan team of Howard Jones rolled up 978 yards in its 80–0 blitz of Pomona.

Asked if he believed his team should be ranked No. 1, USC Coach John Robinson said, "I don't really know and I don't honestly care. There are about eight or nine teams with the potential to be great. We haven't proved we're great yet. We've done well. Right now we're not as good as last year's team was at the end of the season, but we're better than they were at this time."

Brigham Young also romped, defeating Utah State 65–6. Quarterback Gifford Nielsen, who tossed a 33-yard touchdown pass to John VanDerWouden on the Cougars' first play from scrimmage, went on to give BYU a 28–0 lead in the first quarter by hitting on 10 of 11 passes for 118 yards and three touchdowns.

Nielsen played only three quarters but he finished with 30 completions in 40 attempts for 321 yards and six touchdowns. "I can't remember when I've had a hotter hand than I had today," Nielsen said. His substitute, Mark Wilson, was even hotter. He completed seven passes in seven attempts, which made him 15 of 16 for the season.

Steve Hicks' 41-yard field goal with 39 seconds left gave Arizona State a 33–31 triumph over Oregon State. Hicks, who had missed an earlier conversion kick, barely made it on the critical field goal, a "dying quail" shot following a high snap.

Stanford's Quarterback Guy Benjamin passed for 272 yards and three touchdowns in the Cardinals' 37–24 defeat of Illinois. Benjamin, who is dueling Nielsen for NCAA passing honors, connected with Wide Receiver James Lofton, who had 107 yards on eight receptions, for two touchdowns.

Coach Bill Walsh also was pleased with the work of two freshmen making their Stanford Stadium debuts. Tailback Darrin Nelson rushed for 89 yards and scored on a five-yard run before he left the game with a leg cramp after one carry in the third quarter. The other freshman, Ken Naber, booted field goals of 43, 36 and 38 yards and recovered a fumble on one of his kickoffs to set up the go-ahead touchdown.

Houston walloped Utah 34–16 by rushing for 398 yards, 146 of them coming on Fullback Dyral Thomas' 22 carries.

Wisconsin beat Oregon 22–10, Air Force edged Pacific 15–13 and Division II's Montana State extended its win streak to 13 games with a 24–14 win over Fresno State.

1. USC (3–0)
2. CALIFORNIA (3–0) 3. BRIGHAM YOUNG (2–0)

SOUTHWEST Films of last season's games helped undefeated Arkansas to get off winging in a 37–3 rout of Tulsa, one of its oldest rivals. Tulsa had beaten the Razorbacks last year when Punter Eddie Hare kept the Hogs mired deep in their own territory for most of the game. Preparing for last Saturday night's contest, Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz noticed that Hare takes three steps before he kicks, and thus sent a 10-man rush against the Tulsa kicker on the sixth play of the game. The strategy succeeded. Les King blocked the punt, Ben Cowins ran 28 yards to the Tulsa one-yard line on the next play and Ron Calcagni scored to start the Razorback runaway. It was never close thereafter, as Cowins, the nation's leading rusher, gained 117 yards on 16 carries, one a 56-yard touchdown gallop.

Tulsa Coach John Cooper accused Holtz of trying to run up the score after the Razorbacks tried to block another punt late in the game. "That's the way I felt in my first season, too," Holtz said.

SMU's Putt Choate ran 100 yards for a touchdown with an intercepted pass to offset the heroics of Tulane Quarterback Roch Hontas, who completed 33 of 42 passes for 373 yards and a touchdown as the Mustangs beat the Green Wave 28–23.

North Texas State beat West Texas State 31–20 as the Mean Green's Michael Jones rushed for 127 yards, his third 100-plus game of the year.

1. TEXAS A&M (3–0)
2. TEXAS (2–0) 3. ARKANSAS (3–0)

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: California Fullback Paul Jones, a 225-pound sophomore, ran for 200 yards and a touchdown on 35 carries as Cal beat Missouri 28–21. In an 80-yard march to the winning TD, Jones rushed eight times for 48 yards.

DEFENSE: Penn State Middle Guard Randy Sidler, a 6′ 3½″, 229-pound senior, deflected two passes, blocked a field-goal try and had two sacks. His nine tackles included one at his goal line in a 27–9 win over Maryland.

Short, but not on hits

In an era when most shortstops are good field, no bat, Cardinal Garry Templeton, the youngest regular in the majors, is a rarity who can both pick it and stick it

Where have you gone, Honus Wagner? And you, Joe Cronin, Luke Appling, Travis Jackson, Cecil Travis, Lou Boudreau, Dick Groat, Ernie Banks and all the other good-hitting shortstops of yore? This is the age of specialization—any minute now the designated beanballer will be upon us—and today's shortstops are routinely told, "If you field well and hit .220, you'll make the club." The best glovemen at the position, Baltimore's Mark Belanger and Houston's Roger Metzger, are not even hitting that well. Their batting averages are .209 and .185, respectively. In the past 10 seasons only three of their brethren, Luis Aparicio, Denis Menke and Larry Bowa, have hit .300. They each did it after at least five years in the majors, and none of them did it more than once.

Given this background, there is scarcely a more unlikely circumstance in baseball than a shortstop—a youthful one, at that—having the fifth highest batting average in the National League. But last week, there was the Cardinals' 21-year-old Garry Templeton, the youngest regular in the majors, who began this season with 56 days of big league experience, hitting .321. And although his fielding tends to be erratic, it also is frequently spectacular. As a result, the Cards call him the best all-round shortstop in baseball. Their boast is becoming increasingly difficult to refute.

A natural right-handed batter, Templeton learned to switch-hit in 1974 in the Gulf Coast League and has since been the scourge of four higher leagues. He has a straight-armed swing as a lefty and a compact, wristy stroke as a righty. On those rare occasions when he slumps from both sides, he falls back on his 9.5 speed in the 100 to beat out infield hits.

Last week he was leading the league with 17 triples, had 25 stolen bases and was only 10 hits and nine runs short of a 200-hit, 100-run season. (Cronin, Wagner, Appling, Travis and Groat had one 200-hit year apiece; Banks, Jackson and Boudreau had none.) Templeton also has seven homers and 73 runs batted in, and some members of the Cardinals feel he will eventually hit 20 to 25 home runs a year. Others see him merely as a future batting champion.

In the field, Templeton stands in a strangely upright position. That stance is all the better, he says, for getting a good jump on the ball, which is critical on the AstroTurf at Busch Stadium. With his speed and eccentric defensive posture, he swoops down on grounders like a falcon after a prairie dog and he makes difficult plays behind second base look almost routine. He is also a fearless middleman on the double play and can play balls off his chest and still throw out the runner.

And unlike many young players who have received immediate acclaim, Templeton seems to have the disposition to become a long-term success. "I've never seen a player of any age with his temperament," says Lou Brock, who is 38 years old and in his 17th major league season. "Most players suffer from anxiety or tension. Not him. And his attitude is perfect. If you tell him something once, that's it."

"I don't worry about slumps," said Templeton as he spread lemon lotion over his 5' 11", 170-pound body after a game in Montreal last week. "My father Spiavia, who played in the black leagues, told me I should use my speed from the left side. I can have a bad day and still go 2 for 4—if I hit the grounders."

Templeton is clearly a natural, which is a good thing because he has rarely lingered anywhere long enough to absorb much instruction. He has been vaulting through the Cardinal system since he was signed for $40,000 after graduation from Santa Ana (Calif.) Valley High in 1974. The next year Templeton hit .264 at Class A St. Petersburg and .401 in 42 games at Double A Arkansas. The Cardinals called him up on Aug. 9, 1976, when he was hitting .321 at Triple A Tulsa. Unfazed by a 4 for 25 start in the majors, he went on to bat .291 in 53 games last season and become the youngest player to appear on the All-Star ballot. After 198 big league games, he has yet to go more than three in a row without getting a hit.

Templeton is typical of the "new" Cardinals. Even when Brock is in the lineup, St. Louis is the league's youngest team, averaging 24 years of age. The infield of Catcher Ted Simmons (28), Third Baseman Ken Reitz (26), Second Baseman Mike Tyson (27), First Baseman Keith Hernandez (23) and Templeton had 13 homers and 77 RBIs per man by the end of last week.

If they can acquire a power-hitting rightfielder and get respectable performances from Pitchers Pete Falcone, John Denny and Larry Dierker, who so far have won only 13 games among them, the Cardinals feel they can contend in 1978.

But they must also contend with their tendency to play just well enough to lose. Last week third-place St. Louis lost its seventh game in seven tries at Montreal's Olympic Stadium by failing to execute a double play on a grounder to the mound. The Cardinals' fundamentals are often fundamentally unsound.

And Templeton is one of the main offenders. He sometimes appears nonchalant on the field, and many of his 30 errors, the third highest total among shortstops in the National League, have occurred when he has been careless. During the All-Star Game, he booted a double-play grounder to set up a one-run American League inning; then, typically, he atoned by legging out a double to spark a National League rally. "Garry makes so many plays other people don't make that I'm not worried about his slip-ups," says St. Louis Manager Vern Rapp. "People expect too much of him. He certainly isn't careless by intent." For his part, Templeton maintains that his fluid style makes him seem lackadaisical.

A more serious shortcoming is his reluctance to steal. "I don't like to slide," Templeton says. "I'm afraid of jamming a hand or hurting a leg. If I didn't have to slide, I would be gone every time." Running seared, he has been thrown out 48% of the time, a poor showing for a player of his speed.

But these are relatively minor failings. Bob Broeg, the respected columnist for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and *The Sporting News*, who has been watching the Cards for half a century, says, "Other players—Musial, Hornsby, Bottomley, Schoendienst—had real weaknesses. Templeton has none. If he doesn't get hurt or fatheaded, he could be the best all-round player the Cardinals have ever developed."

THE WEEK

(Sept. 18-24)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL EAST "We're on our death bed, but we're not dead yet," said Baltimore Outfielder Pat Kelly. "We're still breathing," was how Boston Manager Don Zimmer put it. While they described their teams' dwindling first-place hopes in morbid terms, the first-place Yankees were the ones who were lucky to be alive. Their plane to Toronto made an abrupt stop on the runway in Boston and narrowly avoided being hit by an incoming jet. New York Manager Billy Martin insisted the miss was so close that he was able to see who was piloting the approaching plane. "It was Zimmer and Earl Weaver," said Martin.

The Yankees had started the week with a close call of another sort, carrying a 6–0 lead into the bottom of the ninth in Detroit and escaping with a 6–5 victory. Home runs by Reggie Jackson (his 30th) and Dave Kingman helped build that lead, before two errors and four Tiger hits led to five quick runs. With Ron LeFlore on third base and two out, Sparky Lyle came in from the Yankee bullpen. Jackson, who had been replaced in right field for defensive purposes, came back from the clubhouse to the dugout in his shorts to watch the tense situation. After Lyle nailed down the win with his 24th save, the Yankees winged their way to Boston for two games.

Almost 52,000 fans showed up in Baltimore on Sunday to pay tribute to recently retired Brooks Robinson. Summing up the crowd's feelings best was a banner that read IT HURTS. What hurt the Birds even more that day was a 10–4 loss to the Red Sox. Ted Cox of Boston equaled a record with four hits in his major league debut, Bob Stanley hurled five innings of scoreless relief, and Bill Campbell blanked the Orioles for the last 2⅓ innings to chalk up his 27th save. That left Baltimore 3½ games in back of New York and Boston 4½ out.

The Red Sox lightened up the race again by sweeping the Yankees 6–3 and 3–2. Reggie Cleveland went the distance in the first game, supported by Carlton Fisk's three-run homer and a bases-empty drive by Carl Yastrzemski. In the second game, First Baseman George Scott did in the Yankees with

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his bat and glove. He walloped a tie-breaking home run in the sixth, thwarted a Yankee uprising in the seventh with a diving catch and ended the game by turning another "sure" hit into a double play. That glove work enabled the hard-working Campbell to hold the Yankees without a run during the last three innings.

Baltimore received a new source of hope when Kenyan witch doctor Dr. John Agunga, whose wizardry did not help the club two years ago, accepted a $12 fee to try again. But assorted incantations could not keep the Orioles from losing to the Blue Jays 3–1. The next night Jim Palmer, who receives slightly more than $12 to work his magic, beat Toronto 5–2. Ken Singleton drove in two of the Oriole runs, and rookie Eddie Murray slugged his 23rd home run of the season. Then Lee May's two-run homer and the four-hit pitching of Ross Grimsley made the Orioles winners over the Blue Jays again, this time by a 4–0 margin. After Wednesday's action the Orioles trailed by two games. The Red Sox were 2½ behind.

Four hits by Murray and a three-run homer by May, the 299th of his career, gave Mike Flanagan plenty of working room as he beat Toronto 7–1 on Thursday. With Campbell's arm aching, the Red Sox were knocked off 5–4 by the Tigers, who scored four times in the seventh. The Yankees had the day off after their near crash.

Don Gullett of New York struck out 12 Blue Jays and allowed only five hits on Friday, but it took a two-run homer in the ninth by Graig Nettles—his 36th—to make Gullett a 5–3 victor. Butch Hobson's three-run shot and a four-hitter by Bill Lee gave Boston a 5–1 win in Detroit. In that game Fisk became the first catcher in the American League to score 100 runs since Yogi Berra of the Yankees did it in 1950. Baltimore was a 3–2 loser in Cleveland.

Rain washed out New York's Saturday game in Toronto, while homers by Cox, Yastrzemski and Fred Lynn propelled Boston to a 6–1 triumph in Detroit. Rookie Mike Paxton picked up his 10th win and Campbell his 29th save. Meanwhile, late-inning heroics gave Baltimore a 4–1 win in Cleveland. With the score tied 1–1 in the eighth, the Indians loaded the bases with none out. Palmer got the next two batters on a pop-up and strikeout, and Al Bumbry climbed the fence in deepest center to rob Rico Carty of a grand slam. In the ninth the Orioles got back-to-back homers from Singleton and Murray, who hit .464 during the week. Palmer, who has yielded only four runs in his last 44 innings, got his 19th win. At week's end, both pursuers were still alive, the Orioles two games back and the Red Sox 2½.

Detroit (3–3) virtually sewed up fourth place as Ron LeFlore and Jason Thompson excelled. LeFlore batted .385 and became the first Tiger to get 200 hits since Al Kaline in 1955. Thompson bopped two homers and became the first Detroit player to hit 30 since Norm Cash in 1971.

Sixto Lezcano's 19th home run for Milwaukee (1–3) set a record. It was the 3,430th of the season, one more than the previous major league high amassed in 1970. Jim Slaton's 10th win came at the expense of the Mariners, whom he defeated 5–1.

Roy Howell, who had hit just three homers in 71 games after being picked up from Texas, slammed five in Toronto's 13 most recent games. The last helped finish off Cleveland 7–4. Although he was tagged for nine hits, rookie Jerry Garvin held off the Orioles 3–1 to give the Blue Jays one of their two wins in six tries. With Baltimore runners on first and third and nobody out in the ninth inning, Garvin got two Birds to pop up and fanned another.

Also snuffing out an Oriole rally in the ninth was Jim Bibby of the Indians (1–4). Bibby came in from the bullpen to get the final three outs on strikes and save a 3–2 victory for Rick Waits.

NY 94–59 BALT 93–62 BOS 92–62 DET 72–83
CLEV 68–86 MIL 64–91 TOR 52–101

AL WEST

"I doubt if there has ever been a stretch drive like this one of ours," said Manager Whitey Herzog of his Royals. Kansas City (5–0), which clinched its second consecutive western title, had won 22 of 23 games and 33 of 37. While improving his record to 19–11, Dennis Leonard beat Seattle 8–3 and California 7–3. Leonard's 13 strikeouts against the Angels gave him 226 for the season, the second highest total in the league. A potent offense also kept the Royals going as they hammered seven homers and batted .311 as a team. Al Cowens drove in five runs in one game to increase his RBIs to 106. Both John Mayberry and George Brett connected for two homers, but the most talked-about smash was one by Outfielder Clint Hurdle in his first major league game. Hurdle, 20, clouted a ball 425 feet off a sign above the dancing waters in centerfield at Royals Stadium.

Texas (6–1) pulled two games in front of Chicago in the battle for second place. Gaylord Perry (14–12) was a two-time winner, 5–4 over Minnesota and 6–5 over Oakland. After Adrian Devine locked up the first of those wins with his 13th save, Perry tossed a three-hitter against the A's. Five homers and another save by Devine settled a 10–8 slugfest against the Twins. Receiving neither home-run support nor relief was Doyle Alexander (17–10), who nonetheless stopped Oakland 3–1 with a three-hitter. Mike Hargrove ignited the offense with five two-hit games.

Ten home runs and tight pitching kept Chicago (6–2) going. Steve Stone (15–11) beat Oakland 8–2, and Ken Kravec (10–3) blanked the A's 8–0 and defeated the Mariners 8–3. Utilityman Jack Brohamer, who entered the win over Seattle with a .225 batting average, had his best day of the season as he had four RBIs and hit for the cycle.

With Rod Carew hampered by lymphangitis in his right arm and with Larry Hisle out with the flu, the Twins (1–4) went all week without hitting for the cycle. Their lone win was a 4–3 defeat of the Brewers. Roy Smalley drove in the go-ahead run in the eighth. Dave Goltz picking up his 19th victory.

Bobby Bonds hit his 36th homer as the Angels (1–7) zapped the Rangers 5–2. In another game, Bonds stole his 40th base. Nolan Ryan probably should not pitch again this season, having been advised by a doctor that doing so might damage his weary right arm. But with a 20th victory and a possible Cy Young Award on the line, Ryan indicated he might keep on throwing anyway.

The Mariners pounded out 18 hits while overhauling the Brewers 11–4. Four of the hits were by Ray Fosse, who was recently obtained from Cleveland. Dan Meyer was credited with a novel home run after his Kingdome smash was snatched from the glove of Chicago Left Fielder Ralph Garr by a fan with a mitt of his own. The ball would not have cleared the fence, but no umpire was close enough to ascertain that. Thus Meyer got his 22nd home run. (Justice of a sort prevailed when Garr tripled and scored the winning run in the ninth as Chicago won 5–4.) Another one-run game between these teams went to Seattle 3–2 as Lee Santon hit his 26th homer of the season.

While watching the A's commit seven errors during an 8–2 loss to the White Sox, Chicago Broadcaster Jimmy Piersall dubbed them the "Oakland Apathetics" and the "Oakland Triple A's." After an 8–0 loss in Chicago, losing Pitcher Vida Blue was asked by another White Sox announcer if the season has been a disappointment to him. Replied Blue, who has a 14–17 record, "Have you ever seen a mechanic work on a car without tools?" Manny Sanguillen, for one, had the right equipment, delivering two game-winning hits, a single in the eighth inning as the A's trimmed the Brewers 3–1 and a two-run homer in the ninth that finished off the White Sox 8–6.

KC 97–55 TEX 88–67 CHI 87–69 MINN 81–73
CAL 72–82 OAK 60–93 SEA 60–96

NL EAST

"He's like a scalpel to a surgeon. He makes the operation possible." That was Philadelphia Manager Danny Ozark's assessment of Tim McCarver, the designated catcher whenever Steve Carlton goes to the mound. The Scalpel and the Surgeon combined for a pair of victories that reduced the magic number to two for the Phillies (3–3). McCarver homered and drove in three runs, while Carlton

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picked his 21st runner off base, slammed his 25th hit and held the Cubs to four hits during a 4–2 win. With McCarver again behind the plate, Carlton sewed up his 23rd victory with another four-hitter as he defeated Montreal 1–0. The only run of the game was driven in by Garry Maddox in the second inning. All of which left McCarver-Carlton with a 42–15 record for games they have worked together during the past two seasons. Assisting Larry Christenson (17–6) during a 6–1 verdict in Montreal were Mike Schmidt, who blasted his 37th home run, and Gene Garber, who earned his 17th save.

The fielding of Pittsburgh's Dave Parker ranged from A (for acrobatic) to Z (for zany). During a 4–2 victory in New York, Parker dropped two fly balls in right field and fell on his back while pursuing another, much to the delight of Met fans, who were delirious to finally have something to cheer about. But when Centerfielder Omar Moreno fell down in the ninth inning of that game, it was Parker who snagged the ball just before it hit the ground. John Candelaria picked up the victory, his 18th. Later, in Chicago, Parker robbed Bobby Murcer of a bases-full hit by crashing into the wall to haul down his drive. Parker also threw a runner out at the plate in that game, which the Pirates (5–0) won 2–0 as Ed Ott hit a two-run homer in the eighth and four pitchers combined on a six-hitter. Rich Gossage, who is unsigned, picked up his 24th and 25th saves. One was a wrap-up of a 4–0 victory in New York for Bruce Kison. During his 11 most recent outings, Gossage has been unscored upon, enabling him to lower his ERA to 1.70.

St. Louis' usually tepid offense heated up. Especially grateful for the sudden outburst was Bob Forsch. He beat Philadelphia 12–5 as Lou Brock had five hits and Keith Hernandez tied a league record by slugging his second grand slam of the month. Forsch (19–6) then joined the attack, driving in two runs as the Cardinals (3–2) beat the Mets 10–6 with 13 base hits in between Shea Stadium raindrops.

Bruce Sutter raised his total saves to 30 by sealing all three wins for Chicago (3–4). In the process, he yielded only three hits and struck out seven batters in 4⅔ innings of relief. One of his saves came during a 6–3 victory in New York that made Rick Reusehel a 20-game winner. Sutter also preserved Ray Burris' 14th win, a 2–0 decision in Philadelphia.

Dan Schatzeder, a 22-year-old lefty for Montreal (2–4), did it all as he beat St. Louis 2–0 on six hits, made the defensive play of the game and singled to drive in the first run. Tony Perez drove in his 90th run for the 11th consecutive year. Two home runs by Gary Carter brought his total up to 29, one shy of Rusty Staub's club record.

Craig Swan and Bob Myrick of the Mets (1–4) collaborated on a four-hit, 6–0 shutout of the Cubs. Jerry Koosman, a 21-game winner last season, hit 20 again, this time in the loss column, when he was beaten by Pittsburgh 4–0.

PHIL 96–58 PITT 90–65 ST.L 80–74
CHI 80–75 MONT 71–83 NY 80–94

NL WEST

After Tommy John (19–6) clinched first place with a 3–1 win in San Francisco, the Dodgers celebrated until 5 a.m. Two days later, $1,400 from their clubhouse kangaroo-court kitty was lavished on another bash, this one to celebrate Manager Tom Lasorda's 50th birthday. In between canapés and cocktails, the Dodgers squeezed past Houston 1–0 behind the two-hit pitching of Burt Hooton. Ron Cey and Reggie Smith each slugged his 30th home run.

Baseball's new home-run king, George Foster of Cincinnati (4–2), walloped No. 50, the first batter in either league to hit that many since Willie Mays in 1965. Foster also had four hits in two consecutive games. Tom Seaver (19–6) beat the Padres 4–0 on two hits, and Pedro Borbon notched his 17th and 18th saves.

Cesar Cedeno's hitting streak was stopped at 22 games, a Houston (2–3) record. Joe Nickro beat Atlanta 6–3 as he improved his record to 13–7.

On Willie McCovey Day, the big first baseman for San Francisco (4–1) drove in the winning run in the ninth to give rookie Bob Knepper a 3–2 win over Cincinnati. It was McCovey's 15th game-deciding hit of the season. The Giants also beat the Padres by the same score as pinch hitter Marc Hill singled across the winning run in the ninth. Rookie Skip James broke a 4–4 deadlock with a ninth-inning run-scoring single and the Giants went on to polish off the Padres 6–4. Gary Lavelle's 20th save came during a 5–4 triumph over the Dodgers.

Jeff Burroughs slammed his 40th homer as Atlanta (3–3) outslugged Los Angeles 9–8. Phil Niekro's 16th victory, 20th complete game and 252nd strikeout came against the Astros, whom he defeated 5–3.

Rollie Fingers picked up his 34th save for San Diego (1–4) and Gene Richards set a modern record for steals by a rookie with his 50th theft.

LA 93–61 CIN 84–72 HOUS 77–77
SF 72–83 SD 66–90 ATL 59–96

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

BERT BLYLEVEN: Despite an eighth-inning aggravation of a groin pull that had shelved him for 15 days, the Ranger righty, who said he threw "about 60% curveballs," hurled a 6–0 no-hitter against the Angels.

The Governor had a ball

William Wirtz' colt made short work of the Jug, taking two straight heats in record time, but for a while it didn't look as though he'd ever get to the starting gate

Shortly before the start of the Little Brown Jug, a man walked to the $50 win window at the Delaware (Ohio) County Fair and spoke to the seller, who immediately set the machine to spewing out tickets. A distinguished-looking onlooker could not contain himself.

"Excuse me," he said to the horseplayer. "Do you mind telling me how much you bet?"

"Not at all. It was $10,000 on Governor Skipper to win."

"That's a sucker bet," said the onlooker. "You could win almost as much on a show ticket with far less risk."

Replied the bettor, "Risk? You only get a sure-thing horse like this to bet on once in a lifetime. So you bet him to win, see?"

"I still think it's a sucker bet."

"You," said the gambler, "don't know anything about racing."

"Yes, sir, you're probably right."

At which point the onlooker, high-rolling William Wirtz of Chicago, who owns all or part of the Chicago Black Hawks, Chicago Bulls, Chicago Stadium, the Bismarck Hotel, Chicago and Florida banks, a wholesale liquor distributorship, a furniture mart, as well as 47½% of Governor Skipper, the odds-on favorite to win the Jug, turned and headed for his box. The gambler went off in the opposite direction. Both, as it turned out, were on winning paths.

Governor Skipper, who until six weeks ago had just been one among a dozen or so excellent 3-year-old pacers but had then won six of seven starts, blitzed the record book in the next few hours while blowing the sulkies off all 10 of his competitors with two jaunts in which he was never behind. The colt, which enjoys the company of goats and is given one by Wirtz for every $25,000 he wins, set five world records. The most significant was his 1:56⅕ clocking in the first of two heats (in the Jug, the first colt to win two heats is the victor), a record for 3-year-old pacers on a half-mile track. The old mark of 1:56⅗ was set by Stanley Dancer's Keystone Ore at Saratoga last year. The Governor also broke the Little Brown Jug record of 1:56⅗ established by Strike Out in 1972.

The gambler at the $50 window had risked $10,000 on Governor Skipper to make a $5,000 profit. Chancy. A show ticket paid 20¢ for each dollar, which would have earned the gambler $2,000. In the second heat, in which he was bet down even further, a winning ticket paid 30¢ on the dollar, a show ticket 10¢. Bill Wirtz had a payday of his own—the Governor earned $75,750—and he had bet nothing. "Unless they're at least 20-to-1," he said, "why bet?"

Actually, if the horse players among the crowd of 39,949 had known what Governor Skipper had gone through, the odds on Thursday afternoon might have been somewhat different. On Monday night the Governor came down with colic. "It's nothing," said the Governor's groom, Scott Norris. "It's like when you drink a beer too fast." But when a horse gets colic, he wants to lie down and roll around, and he can injure himself severely. The thing to do is keep him on his feet. Dr. Ronald Higginbotham was with the Governor until 2:40 a.m. on Tuesday. The veterinarian figures the colt ate some green hay.

That crisis past, the colt showed up lame at the track Tuesday morning. Although the Governor's aides tried to deny it, the colt's left ankle was indeed bad. Late Tuesday, Higginbotham gave the colt a shot of cortisone. No X rays were taken of the area because, says the vet, "Nobody wants to know for sure what's in there before the race."

By Wednesday night, the eve of the race, things seemed generally in hand, and Scott Norris, the son of the colt's trainer, Bucky Norris, allowed himself a moment of optimism. "This horse has never made a mistake," he said. "It has all been human error."

Jug Day dawned. Norris crawled out of his sleeping bag in front of the Gov-

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Overcoming colic, a bad ankle and a splinter in his mouth, Governor Skipper flies home in the finale

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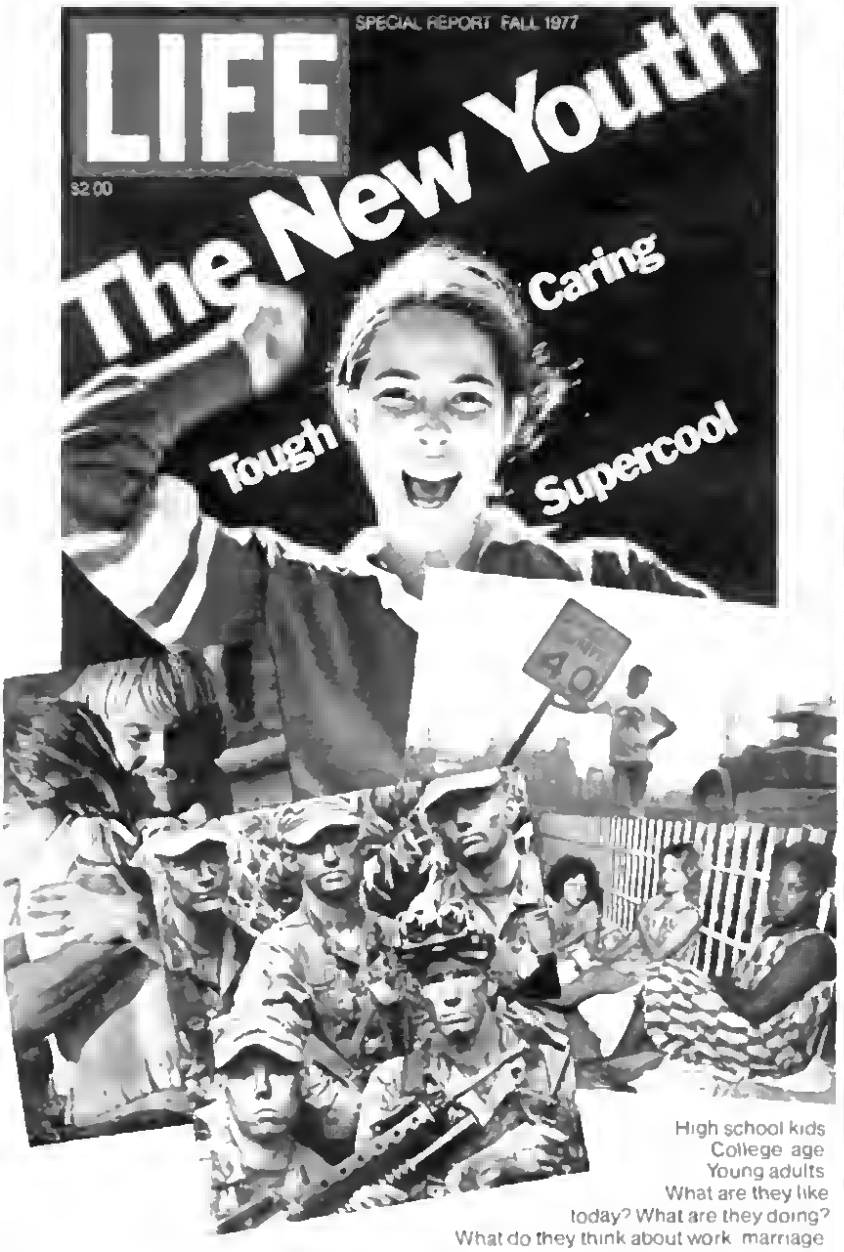

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ernor's stall and stared at the horse's jaw, which had a swelling on it the size of a golf ball. Higginbotham was summoned again and located a 1½-inch splinter lodged beside the first pre-molar on the lower right, where the bit goes. The guess is that the sliver was in the hay. Higginbotham removed the splinter and then, less than four hours before the race, returned to bathe the spot in ether to ease the Governor's discomfort. "If this colt wins," said Higginbotham, "he deserves a medal for bravery."

But for all the adversity, the Governor clearly got the best of it in the draw for starting positions when he got the two-hole. Inside him was Candid Camera, a colt never accused of speed, and who was subsequently scratched. On his outside was Super Clint, a horse just becoming competitive with the big boys, and beyond him, Nat Lobell, who had become a mystery. After a glorious year in which he had earned more than $330,000 to lead his class, he had not won in six weeks. Then there was Jade Prince, trained and driven by Jack Kopas. But Jade Prince has had knee trouble (fluid is drained regularly from it) and his last fully successful outing had been back in June when he won the Cane Pace at New York's Yonkers Raceway.

The sick call was extensive. Tendon ills finally got the better of Kawartha Eagle, respiratory problems brought down Racy Goods; muscle troubles felled Striking Image; B G.'s Bunny was hurt in the Meadowlands Pace. And Big Towner, a colt with the speed to go with the Governor, was not eligible.

Which left, essentially, the colt in the No. 6 starting position, Crash, as the one to mount the challenge. Crash had won almost $200,000 this year, but his owners were not sanguine about his chances of getting past the smooth-gaited Governor, who loves the tight turns of half-mile tracks.

In the first heat, driver John Chapman simply rolled the Governor to the front and kept him there. But while the Governor was setting records, an impressive trip also was turned in by Crash, who was forced to race wide the entire way but who showed his grit was true by finishing second, 4½ lengths back. With Billy Haughton driving, Crash just edged the 44-to-1 New Deal, who had tucked in behind the Governor for an easy journey.

Before the final heat, Crash had a bit-

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tle work done on a loose shoe. Everyone else needed attitude adjustments, for as John Kopas conceded, "I don't think any of us have a chance." The only question was whether any of the Governor's ailments—stomach, ankle or mouth—would crop up to disable him. But when the half-mile went in a leisurely :59⅘, the jig was up and the Jug beyond reach for Crash and the rest. The Governor turned it on, winning for fun in 1:56⅘, only a tick slower than in the first heat. Jambooger, another colt with a heretofore lightweight rep, was second, Crash third. In the paddock Chapman said, "I think we spooked everybody that first heat."

The other world marks that fell to the Governor were for fastest first heat, fastest second heat, fastest combined heats for 3-year-olds and for all-age. Fans set the central Ohio record for most beer cans thrown on the ground, bettering the mark set here last year.

Bill Wirtz, who in August said that winning the Adios was as good as winning the Stanley Cup, was ecstatic. Bill's father Arthur, who also owns 47½% of the Governor (the remaining 5% is owned by Bill's brother Mike), was seeing the colt for the first time. Said Bill, "They call Dad 'Bottom Line Arthur' but when this horse won, he cried." The win boosted the Governor's winnings this year to $342,837 and his two-year earnings to $457,992. Which is why Wirtz felt at ease in having sprung for $281 to have 5,000 buttons made that said GOVERNOR SKIPPER FAN CLUB.

As the parties went deep into the night, Wirtz was insisting the reason he had kept the home-bred son of Meadow Skipper, pacing's premier sire these days, rather than selling him was because he saw potential. Others believe it was because the colt was so gangly, stood so funny and toed out so badly, that Wirtz knew he'd bring nothing at auction. "It's like Tony Esposito," said Wirtz, referring to the Black Hawk goalie. "He has never done anything right for us except stop the puck. It doesn't matter how you look."

Then Wirtz was off on another story, this one about the liquor ad he did a few years ago, which included his picture and the words SUCCESS. HOW TO HANDLE IT. Says Wirtz, "You should see the letters I got from our hockey fans; that appeared during a season when the Black Hawks didn't exactly come home like Governor Skipper." Few do. END

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He did not go gentle

In a single day of bird shooting during his last season, the furious old man left with the author a lifetime legacy of respect for and knowledge of an often maligned sport

He was certainly not an old man to appeal to sentimentalists, no subject for a Norman Rockwell *Saturday Evening Post* cover or a candidate for the role of Grandpa Walton. He was white-haired, dark-skinned, short, lean and foul-mouthed. I hunted with him only once, on a southern Oregon fall afternoon.

It was hot, and I was walking an old and deeply rutted logging road into some steep, rough country. Otto, my year-old retriever, was somewhere up ahead in the trees, probably chasing squirrels.

"You ought to keep your mutt close," the harsh voice said from behind me.

I jumped and turned. He must have been 75, could have been 80, and he stood there glowering at me, dressed in tattered, baggy denim pants and a much too large green T shirt. Protruding from the sleeves were two arms so lean they looked to be made of brown leather stretched over networks of cables and wires. The double-barreled 12-gauge that he carried across his shoulder looked huge, creating the impression of a child packing a small cannon. His own dog was closely at heel. "There's grouse along this road," he said, "if that's what you're looking for."

"I've been in here four or five times and never seen a bird along here yet."

He swore. Then he said, "I've been in here four or five hundred times."

"Then I guess you should know."

"I do. They're here. But I don't hunt roads myself."

I whistled Otto back and scolded him to heel. He was interested in the other dog, a female, but he obeyed.

"Young dog," the old man said. "At least he's trained some."

"I work with him every day," I said.

"I hope so. Come along with me if you want."

I did, and we walked on up the road, leaning forward to compensate for the steepness. I think he was showing off, but in any case he set an impressive pace. The road curved up the south side of a mile-long canyon. A small creek ran through the canyon, 50 yards or so below us, the steady trickle of water looking like tinfoil where the sunlight caught it in the open spaces between the clumps of deer brush and pine.

The old man swore at nearly everything. He swore skillfully, using his obscenities and profanities as verbs, adverbs, adjectives and nouns. Occasionally he even worked in a more original if misused part of speech. "I love to hunt," he said for no apparent reason and in a tone of voice that implied I had accused him of being unfaithful. "No matter what some idiots say, I love it. These anti-hunting people, these vegetarians in leather shoes and fur coats. Most hunters nowadays are fools. But they're no worse than those others."

"I like hunting, too," I said. "It's my second season, my first with a dog."

He swore again, violently. "Don't hunt without a dog."

Behind us now a Jeep was grinding along the logging road. The old man swore quietly. We stood off to the side in the warm shade of a Douglas fir and watched the Jeep pass, a new model carrying two young men who could easily have been the old man's grandsons. A case of beer was conspicuous between two pump-action shotguns leaning against the rear seat. They waved at us and smiled, that special supercilious smile young people reserve for the aged. The old man smiled and waved back.

The Jeep ground ahead and finally rounded a bend, leaving us its dust. This time he swore ferociously. "No dog," he said. "Potbellies. They won't get any birds. Drinking beer. A *Jeep*. I hate the sound of motors."

I hunted with him through that afternoon and I learned a lot. He showed me how to work the elderberry and huckleberry patches on the steep slopes, and the brushy draws near water, and the high flats where the springs spread out into small marshes and the grass was

continued

How to throw a perfect pass

by Fran Tarkenton

Crack the whip.

You've just thrown the ball. Is your thumb pointing at the sky? Wrong! You'll never throw a good pass that way. As you release the ball, *your hand should rotate so your thumb ends up pointing at the ground.*

Do you hold the ball in the palm of your hand? Wrong again! You should see daylight between the ball and your palm. Control of the ball comes from your thumb and fingers. (If your hand is small, just hang on the best way you can.)

As you cock your arm to throw, push your other arm out ahead of you. Then pull that other arm back strongly as you throw. *Don't* follow through after you release the ball.

Flick your throwing hand out and back like you were cracking a whip. You'll get a crisp release that snaps the ball away at a good velocity.

Wipe out half the field.

I don't try to read an entire coverage. It's impossible. Nobody's got that kind of peripheral vision. My system is to read one or two men.

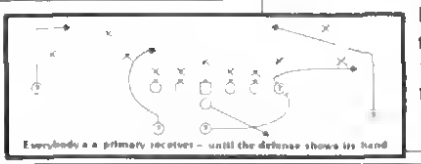
On a lot of patterns, I'll read the middle linebacker. Or the free safety. As soon as I get the snap of the ball, they're committed one way or the other. Their movement tells me where I'm going to go, which half of the field I should concentrate on.

I don't care if the defensive back falls down on the other side, and one of my guys is jumping up and down, waving for a touchdown pass, there's no way I'm going to see him. I've already wiped that half of the field out of my mind.

Everybody's a primary receiver.

There is no such thing as a secondary receiver. Everybody starts out as a primary receiver. I might have five guys out there in the pattern. How can I be sure which of those five guys I'm going to throw to when the defense has maybe twelve different coverages it can run? The way the defense revolves is what dictates who my receiver is going to be.

It takes study—and good coaching—for a quarterback to learn who are the one or two people to read on each pass pattern. Read the right men, and they'll tell you who your primary receiver is.



Everybody's a primary receiver – until the defense shows its hand.

I play for the fun of it.

I love to play football as much as anything in the world. Even after all these years. I could be making millions of dollars a year outside of football, and I'd still play.

The most meaningful thing for me isn't winning this game or that championship. It's the struggle, the hope of getting to someplace. Sometimes you succeed, sometimes you don't... just like life. But you're using all the resources within yourself—combined with the resources of 42 other guys—to try and reach a goal.

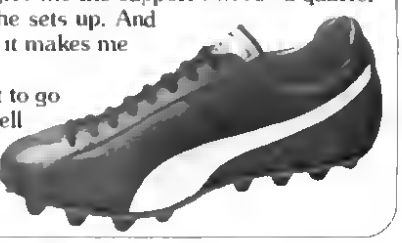
And that is the fun of football.

Give yourself every little edge.

One of the smartest things I ever did, back when I was in New York, was start wearing Puma® —the shoe with the big stripe on each side. Those little suction cups gave me great traction... it's the best feel of any shoe I've ever worn on artificial turf. And I've experimented with them all.

I wear Puma on grass as well. I find they give me the support I need—a quarterback hits very hard on his back foot when he sets up. And their lightness makes me quicker. Or at least it makes me *think* I'm quicker.

Should you wear Puma? Look, I don't want to go telling you how to spend your money. But I'll tell you this: if you're looking for every little edge you can find, then a top shoe like Puma is worth every penny it costs.



PUMA

You've earned your stripe

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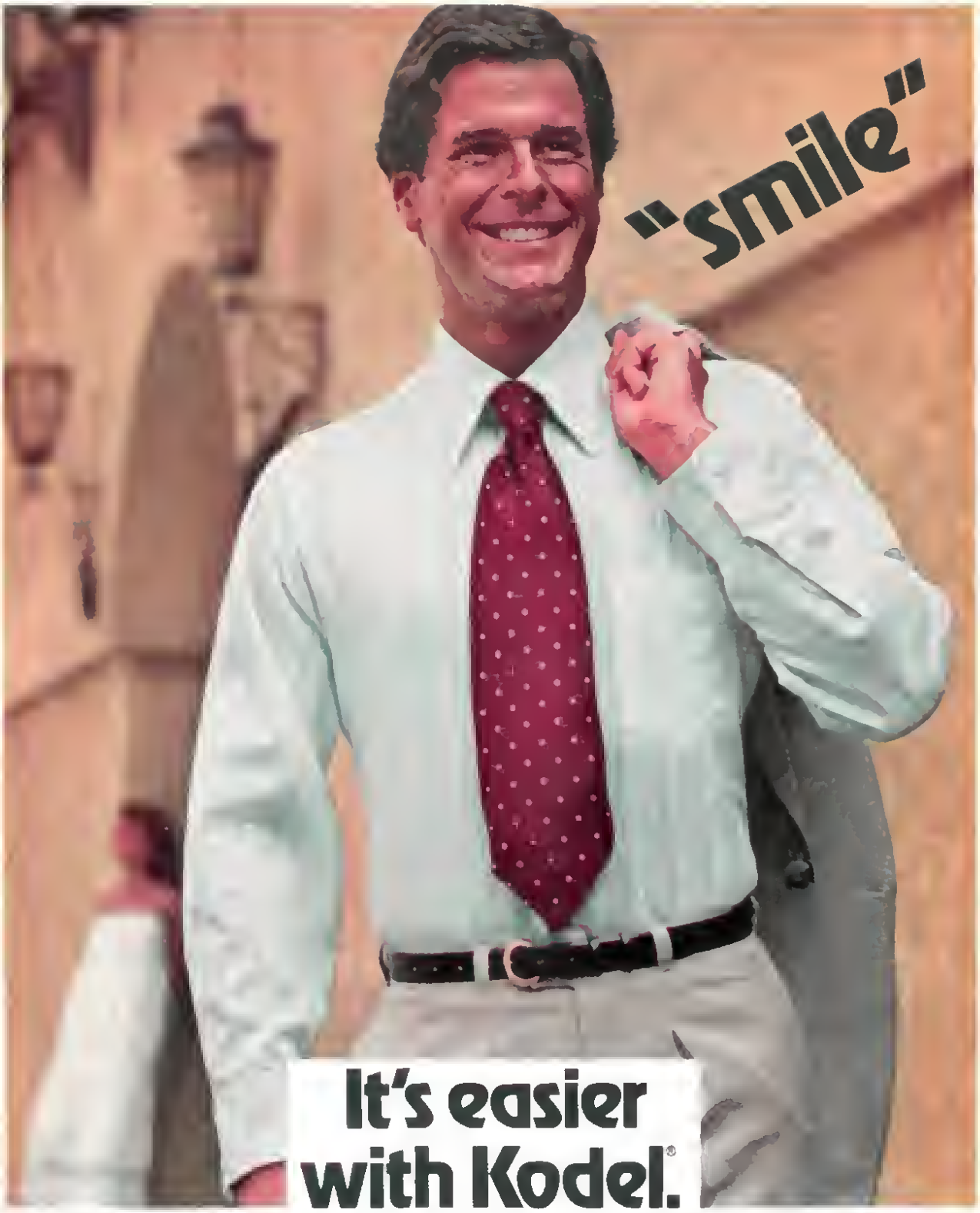

Arrow creates an aura of elegance with this richly-styled, subtly-striped shirt. The fabric is a Springmaid Patrician Fancy of Kodel polyester and cotton. Smile. With care-free Kodel, a neat look will follow you wherever you go. Shirt comes in light blue, white, tan, grey, pink and green. Available at fine stores.

Shirt by Arrow. Springmaid® fabric. Kodel® polyester by Eastman.

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heavy enough to provide cover for the birds. It was hot, hard work. I was sweat-soaked, my calves ached, and the muscles along the backs of my thighs quivered, yet the old man did not appear to be tired.

His technique was simple and sensible enough. We would get on the downhill side of wherever he knew there might be birds and send up the dogs to hunt the cover. Otto learned from the older dog as I learned from the older man. It was steep enough country so that the grouse always flushed downhill. We would hear the dogs quartering through the cover, and then the loud drumming of wings, and suddenly a bird would appear, or sometimes two or three, fast grayish blurs that burst out to sail by and curve away at difficult angles to disappear behind the nearest trees. You would hear them, suddenly see them, get the gun to your shoulder, swing and shoot, and the birds were either hit and down or out of sight.

In two hours, after 10 shots, I had one cock blue grouse. The old man had used three of his shells to kill a cock ruffed grouse and a hen blue. He handled his oversize gun with remarkable speed and graceful ease.

"I pass up the easy shots," he explained at the end. "Anybody should hit the easy birds."

We had worked our way around to the southwest side of the mountain. About 500 feet below the gray rock peak we sat in the shade on a fallen log by a pool of spring water. It was icy water, clean and delicious. The old man had laid the dead birds out on the log between us. The dogs were stretched out in a puddle to cool their bellies, staring at us with their brown, intensely interested bird-dog eyes. They wanted to hunt.

"I love dogs," the old man said.

"I forgot my knife," I said.

He swore, rather gently this time. "I'll do it," he said.

He field-dressed the three birds, using a small pocketknife to cut slits below the breastbones. All three grouse were stuffed with berries.

He placed the birds back on the log. Perhaps they are the only creatures as beautiful dead as they are alive; or it might be that we seldom get close enough to living birds to really see them. But we looked at these three now in a row on the brown bark, the cock blue grouse actually a grayish color mottled with blue, white at the shoulders, a bright orange patch of skin above the glassy eye. The hen blue was smaller and mottled brown. Both birds had a black tail with the broad gray band at the tip. The ruffed grouse, reddish above, yellow-brown below, barred tail fanned out, was loveliest of all.

"That's plenty for today," the old man said. "Let's head back."

On the way back out around the mountain to the Forest Service road where I'd parked he showed me a pond that I had never known was there. I suppose an optimist might have called it a small lake. Dozens of springs that drained down the western slope of the mountain converged and met, then spread to cover a four- or five-acre flat with a couple of feet of water. The pond was completely and closely surrounded by thick timber. The old man said that sometimes there were mallards on the water, dozens or even hundreds of them, and it was not unusual to see Canada geese. "It's the season," he said. "But no hunting here. I never do."

We started down toward the lake, moving quietly through the big trees, following one of the watercourses. Already we could hear the soft feeding call of mallards. It sounded like a good flock. The old man indicated a fir tree 20 yards ahead, one that was big enough to conceal us both. We approached the tree with the dogs between us. Close against the rough bark we stood and waited. Some of the mallard hens had quacked loudly just as we reached the tree. They had heard us, or perhaps just sensed our presence. We would give them a minute or two to settle down. We were no more than 20 feet from the water. Steller's jays were scolding somewhere far above us. It could have been the jays that warned the mallards.

We knelt. The old man took my gun, then lay both guns behind us. The jays had quieted now. We peered around either side of the tree. Better than a hundred mallards were using the pond, as well as an even dozen Canada geese. The mallards were calm again, many of them tipping to feed, the green heads and chestnut breasts of the drakes bright now with new fall plumage. Most of the mallards were toward our side, within 20 yards of us. Near the opposite bank, out from the narrow muddy border between the water and the trees, were the honkers. They appeared to be six pairs. All were large birds, the males close to 10 pounds. Male and female geese look alike, long black necks and black heads with broad white cheek patches, except that the males are usually larger. They were feeding contentedly, with no idea any man was near.

There's an excitement, an exhilaration, something even beyond that, a rejuvenation, when you see wild creatures in wild places without your presence being known. We knelt and watched for a long time, and when we finally left we were very careful not to disturb the birds.

About 15 minutes later we heard the barrage. There were eight or 10 quick sporadic shots, a brief pause broken by the echoes of the explosions coming from the distant hills, then 10 more shots, the second series more evenly spaced.

The old man swore with utter violence. "The pond," he said. "Those kids nailed them on the pond." A third, more widely spaced series of shots began. "They're working on the cripples."

What followed was maddening, depressing, and it made me recall Dylan Thomas' lines: "Do not go gentle into that good night./ Old age should burn and rave at close of day;/ Rage, rage against the dying of the light." Ordinarily I mistrust people who claim to think of literature at such moments, but it happened to me then.

We hurried back to the pond, but the young men were gone. Without a dog, and apparently not wanting to get their feet wet, they had left three mallards and two geese dead on the water. It was impossible to tell how many birds they had managed to retrieve.

We hiked back out again with the three grouse, the three ducks, the two big geese. The old man was swearing all the way. We saw no further sign of the young men.

It was a good day gone awful at its ending. When we reached my car the old man insisted I take the birds, all of them. "Use them," he said. "Never waste birds." He walked away in the shade of second growth timber down the Forest Service road, his dog at heel. He never looked back, and I have no idea how far he had to go.

I never saw him again, though I asked around and learned about him. That same winter I heard he was dead. I am sure that he did not go gentle into that good night. Whenever I hunt I think of him now, especially when I pass up an easy shot, as I am very apt to do these days. **END**

Near the head of the class

By winning the Ruffian in the slop at Belmont, Cum Laude Laurie emerged as one of the top fillies in the country

There was a moment in last Saturday's $110,800 Ruffian Handicap for fillies and mares when it was hard to tell what was going on. With the drizzle almost as thick as the mud at New York's Belmont Park, you had to look closely to spot Cum Laude Laurie splashing along on the inside of three fine runners as she reached the top of the stretch. Even on the driest of days the inside of Belmont's track is slow and tiring, but in rain the horses trying to drive through it appear to be running in place on butterscotch pudding. And Cum Laude Laurie was striving to come from far back after almost falling on her nose at the start.

Far to Laurie's right was the 5-year-old mare My Juliet, the Auntie Mame of U.S. racing, who had won at 15 different tracks, 14 times in stakes races. Slightly outside of My Juliet and poking her head into the lead was Mississippi Mud, the easy winner of the $125,000 Matchmaker Stakes at Atlantic City in August. Even farther out was Cascapedia, California's best female performer. Jockey Angel Cordero didn't want to be on the inside with Cum Laude Laurie but he was helpless. "I couldn't go four horses wide with my filly or I would have been up in the grandstand," Cordero said. "She was running kind of strange, anyway, not smooth, just hopping like a kangaroo." But Laurie was hopping like a very fast kangaroo and took the lead with a sixteenth of a mile remaining in the 1⅛ race. At the finish, the 3-year-old filly was half a length in front of Mississippi Mud, who had a half-length edge over third-place Cascapedia. Poor Juliet finished sixth.

Of the dozen competitors in the Ruffian, Cum Laude Laurie was the least experienced, having started only nine times. "She was too tiny last year as a 2-year-old," says her owner, Dan Galbreath, the president of the Pittsburgh Pirates. "We never started her, waiting for her to grow and develop. We hoped the wait would be worth it, and it seems to have finally turned out that way. This year we thought so highly of her potential in the spring that we ran her in each of the Triple Crown races for fillies even though she had won only one race leading up to them. She didn't win any of the three, but in August at Saratoga she won an allowance race and we decided to put her into the Alahama."

The Alabama was won by Our Mims, the top 3-year-old filly, but Laurie had staged a tremendous rush from far back—skimming along the inside rail as she did in the Ruffian—to finish third. "I thought she was going to win," said Laurie Galbreath, now 21, who had inspired the filly's name by graduating cum laude from high school. "She just seemed to stop all of a sudden. But her next start, the Delaware Oaks, she won quite easily." Between the Alahama and the Delaware Oaks, Trainer Lou Rondinello equipped Cum Laude with a set of blinkers, and she is now 2 for 2 while wearing them.

Cordero finished the race cloaked in mud—it would have been impossible to identify his silks without scraping him down. To mark the occasion, he presented Laurie Galbreath with the four sets of goggles he had worn to see through the wall of water, he had pushed them up one at a time as they became muddied over.

My Juliet had been entered in the Ruffian in hopes of gaining the Eclipse Award as the outstanding filly or mare in the country. She had indeed been a grand racer for four seasons, earning

She was hopping like a kangaroo but Cum Laude Laurie (right) stayed inside to win by half a length

$548,859 by winning at Ak-Sar-Ben, Aqueduct, Belmont, Churchill Downs, Delaware Park, Detroit, Hawthorne, Keeneland, Keystone, Laurel, Monmouth, Pimlico, Santa Anita, Saratoga and Sportsman's Park. All these victories came after she somehow managed to lose her first start by a head at Fonner Park in Grand Island, Neb., of all places. Last year My Juliet was named the outstanding sprinter in the country, and her record shows that she not only beat Kentucky Derby and Belmont Stakes winner Bold Forbes but Preakness winner Master Derby as well. In her last start before the Ruffian, My Juliet had beaten a field of males in the so-called Michigan Mile (it's actually 1⅛ miles) for her first victory in a $100,000 race.

Then came last Friday morning. "She's got a problem with her ankle," said Trainer Gene Euster. "I don't think we're going to start. It's the left front ankle and it has some heat in it." The ankle had been repaired at the end of her 3-year-old season, a screw being implanted in a fractured cannonbone. In 1976 she suffered a chipped bone in her right front ankle. Euster decided to pass the Ruffian and ship My Juliet to her home base at Keystone near Philadelphia. "She's been too good to risk her," he said.

But owner George Weasel Jr. overruled Euster. My Juliet ran mostly on heart, and she was running awkwardly. About 70 yards past the finish line she bobbled and looked as though she were going to fall down.

My Juliet returned to Barn 5 on the Belmont backstretch and on Sunday morning Euster was still furious. "She is hurting bad," he said. "She broke down. It's the same ankle as the one with the screw in it. I had the van ordered to take her back home and then I was told to run her. An owner like that doesn't deserve a horse like My Juliet. She is going to the University of Pennsylvania center for veterinary medicine as soon as we can get her there. I doubt that she will ever run again. I really hope for her sake that she doesn't have to."

Naturally, Cum Laude Laurie now moves near the head of the class. But, unhappily, this year's Ruffian may be best remembered for what befell My Juliet. As was said of the other Juliet, "Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts, And thou art wedded to calamity." **END**

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Lessons From A Lower Level

After years away from the game, the author tries out for his hometown soccer club and, in the course of a difficult morning, rediscovers the mysteries of foot and ball

by John Domini

CONTINUED

Last spring, at the age of 24, I tried out for my hometown soccer team. I don't mean a school or company team, but a team that is supposed to represent my town in one of the many loosely organized soccer leagues that have sprung up during the last couple of decades in southern Connecticut. The team is ranked at B level, the lowest for players over 18 years old, according to International Football Association Board rules covering newly formed teams. Because of the weedlike growth of local soccer and the laissez-faire attitude of local team owners and the impatience of local players ("Let's just *start* the game, for Chrissake"), the ranking was little more than a technicality. My brother, who was five years younger than I and played fullback, assured me that the club had players the equal of those at A level or even Premier, the step below professional. Yet, paradoxically, this news increased my confidence that I could make the team.

I felt this way because, unlike in football, basketball or hockey, you need not be exceptionally strong or tall or specially talented to play soccer well. Success at the game depends to a considerable degree on concentration and stamina. Beyond that, soccer in this country seems unsure of itself, open to suggestion at every level of the sport. Even the firmly entrenched North American Soccer League, home to Pelé and Franz Beckenbauer and Kyle Rote, has allowed thick-fingered tamperings with the rules. Ties are an intrinsic part of soccer, yet the NASL uses an artificial tiebreaker, called a shootout, which indicates an utter insensitivity to the traditions of the game. American soccer is wide open.

Therefore, at the time of my trying out, the thought that our little B-level squad had players who might soon be playing for crack teams in Portland or Las Vegas or Fort Lauderdale only heightened my certainty that there was a spot for me. The game said come and *get it*. Who was I to resist such a siren call?

There was one more boost to my confidence, perhaps the most important of all: soccer is my family's game. My father played professionally in Naples, Italy, and he was responsible for soccer's first appearance in our community. I played roughhouse games at the age of seven with more than 30 other boys, from soft and drippy April through hard and chilly November, under the agitated direction of my father, who played now goalie, now center forward, now wing, now fullback. Out of such beginnings can there come a regular halfback of a B-level club? Yes, emphatically. A native-born American with soccer experience extending back before high school is still a rarity. Anyone who watches American soccer—at least in our area—sees at once that the most obviously skilled players are those who curse in foreign languages. When my brother produced an old pair of soccer shoes for me to wear at the tryouts, I saw that from their cleats hung the calcified dirt of unknown fields. Although I had not played competitively in six years, I recognized in that ancient dirt the experience that would put me over the top. So I thought.

The tryouts were held on a windy late morning on a field behind what had originally been a high school and was now a junior high. Off to one side was the great green expanse of two baseball fields. On the other sides, the soccer field was hemmed in by thick secondary forest, at the foot of which lay deep, mud-lined drainage ditches, uncomfortably close to the sidelines. Yet apparently those ditches had done their job; the field was dry enough, for mid-April. The lines were clearly limed, the grass closely mown, the goal nets brand new.

There were 26 players. Except for a short soft-spoken young man, who my brother told me was from Buenos Aires, my competition seemed to be nothing more than ordinary and ordinarily skilled Americans. Including my brother, there were only seven players returning from the previous year's team.

The coach clapped his hands and called us together. He was plainly and blondly American, 40 (he told us) and had an odd way of simultaneously looking over your head and pointing at the ground as he spoke. He said, without a hint of duplicity, that every position on the team was open. I noticed that the seven returnees were all doing muscle-stretching exercises. The coach said that he would keep 15 of us as regulars and that he would take the phone numbers of five more, because soccer was a strange game and you never knew what might happen. He said it was a long season. "One day you're at the top of the heap," he said firmly, "and the next day at the bottom." He said that the ball takes some funny bounces. He said that you get out of the game what you put into it. By now nearly everyone was down on the ground stretching his muscles. The coach continued in his philosophic vein a few minutes more, undisturbed by the groaning and sharp intakes of breath around him. Then he blew once on his whistle—of course he had a whistle—and told us all to run a mile, four laps around the field. After that, the tryout drills began.

There were only three drills, but each went on a good long time and the coach got a good long look at each player. Three exercises may not seem enough to reveal the true abilities of 26 players, but the indispensable thing in these affairs is that the coach know what he is doing; and, surprising as it may have seemed, this was the case. Although our coach's system was limited and his speech ran to the oldest of old saws, it quickly became clear that he knew his soccer. He himself was involved in two of the drills, working up enough of a sweat to make him remove his jacket; during the other one he circled each prospect, watching his feet with the eye of a philatelist examining a new sheet for inversions. Each of these drills, I have since realized, reflected particular aspects of the game.

The first drill slightly resembled the oldest and easiest soccer exercise, in which a person stands in one place and keeps

beating the ball off any available wall. The coach stood before the goal and set up beside him all the balls on hand. Each of the players then took a turn facing him, no more than 20 feet away, while he fired these balls in rapid succession. We had to return them directly to him, rather than simply put them in the goal, and we had to do it with one move, a kick or head shot—no dribbling, no trapping the ball. He exempted my brother and two other veterans from the drill, apparently forgetting his promise that every position was up for grabs; these three he asked to gather up the balls that went past him, while those hopefuls not on the firing line roamed behind the candidates, gathering up the balls they missed. After each player had gone through the drill once, the coach exempted two more veterans plus the Buenos Airean (whose name was Tony) and ran the drill again, more quickly. Then three more were exempted and we went at it more quickly still. It felt like some advanced version of Red Rover, Red Rover. I was not one of those exempted.

In European and Latin American cities, one sees kids everywhere pounding balls off the sides of cafés, apartment houses, garages, shops. A boy will kick or head the ball back at the wall, depending on what the last bounce dictated, which in turn depended on how well and how precisely the previous kick or head shot had redirected the previous bounce, and so on back to the original delivery. Fine exercise. It serves as a reminder of the game's origins: soccer is an urban product, which first took its present form during the early Renaissance in the walled city-states of northern Italy.

Anyone who regularly performs this exercise as a child will eventually acquire good, sound foot-and-eye coordination. But American children, with so many different sports competing for their attention, rarely develop intelligent feet, and, confronted by European *legerdepied*, the American can fall prey to some silly ideas. I have heard it argued by an otherwise sensible man who had just returned from his first trip abroad that it must be a genetic difference between "their" kids and "ours" that makes the Europeans so adept with their feet.

But, such nonsense aside, it

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT CUNNINGHAM

is acknowledged in our league that the best players are city-bred immigrants and sons of immigrants, playing for clubs with names like Vespucci, Sons of Portugal in Ansonia and Athenian Eye. The standings at the end of each season (published in both local and ethnic papers—*Il Corriere Di Connecticut*, for instance) usually bear out the superiority of Greek or Spanish or Italian teams. But fourth- and fifth- and 10th-generation Americans, because of their new enthusiasm for the game, are admirably undisturbed by the odds against them, and there are checks and balances in the system. For instance, many good foreign-born players regularly have to miss Saturday games because they are needed in the family shop. As a result, in local games the struggle for the ball will often reduce itself momentarily to a confrontation between a swarthy Honduran garage mechanic, 30 years old, and a flush-cheeked blond who still has baby fat on his legs and is two weeks away from setting off for his senior year at Phillips Exeter. Whom would you expect to win such a contest?

The next drill, which followed another mile run, emphasized the great American weakness, ball control. This exercise was the one in which the coach did not participate. Each player was asked whether he wanted to take attack or defense. I chose attack, noting with satisfaction that, unlike some of the others, I did not have to gasp out my answer. Six players were exempted from this drill, including my brother and the Buenos Airean; they were all given some assignment and sent off to one of the baseball diamonds. The remaining 20 players were paired off, one man on attack, one on defense. We were evenly distributed over the field, 10 pairs of attackers and defenders. The coach gave each attacker a ball. His purpose by this time was obvious: in the space provided, each attacker had to get around his opponent. The coach would circulate, he said we would all have plenty of time to show what we could do.

My opponent's name was Chris. He looked younger than I and was thinner. When he faced the wind, his heaving chest, outlined inside his faded and bulky blue sweatshirt, looked like a kitten inside a pillowcase. Therefore my first three attempts to get around him were straight charges. I thought he would somehow dissolve before a determined advance. But it is impossible to be irresistibly determined while trying to control the ball in such a small area. Though I doubt whether I could have outrun Chris, even if I had had the room, within our little space he became positively insurmountable, keeping his body in front of mine, with his chin down, his hands out slightly from his sides and his eyes on my feet. I lacked the expertise—I felt as though I was working on stilts—to move directly into his path without losing the ball.

By my fourth attempt I knew something more devious was needed; I decided to try shuttling the ball under one foot and reversing direction. It is one of the oldest tricks in soccer. But as soon as I started my move (there was, ahem, some anticipatory pansying around, while I got my nerve up), I blew it. Chris and I, circling each other, must have resembled dancing bees. With no little luck, I did manage to keep the ball. I tried again, harder, and again messed up, an infinitesimal miscalculation, just a touch too much oomph in my sideways kick. I was becoming increasingly irritated, and as Chris and I danced again, I decided to simply outmuscle him.

The ball was on my right foot. I planted my left, clenched my entire body and swung around into him. Bang! Yes, it felt good. But as soon as I'd hit him, even as the two of us were swaying together like the last two stakes of a broken picket fence, it became obvious I'd lost the ball.

Every muscle I had was committed to this pointless shoving match. Chris, who suffered no such paralysis, took one step back and I was forced to either jump free of the ball or fall down. I fell down, feeling for all the world like a mastodon trapped in tar. Chris fished the ball out from between my ankles and sent it away. Showing admirable restraint, he made a soft, easy kick.

My mistake had been fundamental: I had played the man while he played the ball. Strong-arming an opponent flies in the face of soccer logic. Even if I had knocked Chris over like a tenpin, the effort would have been pointless because in a game any decent referee would have whistled foul and awarded the ball to my opponent. Within an 18-yard radius of the goal, muscling a man this way could have brought on a penalty kick.

Even so, personal fouls like the one with which I had attempted to subdue Chris are by far the most common infractions in soccer, more common than one would expect. One sees almost as many fouls as in a basketball game. The reason is space—or, rather, lack of space.

At the beginning of a game every player is given a certain amount of room, which is then repeatedly *taken* away. Rivals barge in, chasing the ball, or trailing it, threatening your territorial rights. Away from the ball you often have all the space in the world and nothing to do with it, as can be seen after every missed shot on the goal, when some other forward linesman comes running up to the man who made the shot, shouting plaintively, "I was clear! Nobody *near* me!" But when the ball enters your area, and the opponent with it, your territory shrinks and a few feet of space becomes an important and difficult objective. In short, one of the toughest game situations was precisely that which our coach had set us in this drill. And the easiest way to gain those necessary two or three steps of playing area—the way that requires least thought, and that arises most naturally from the continuous pounding play—is to throw a little weight around.

While retrieving the ball Chris had booted away, I glanced across the field at my brother and the other players who

continued

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were exempted. It seemed as though they were practicing another, more spacious, game, one in which each player had acres and acres of private room so that no one was forced into moves that were anything less than graceful, exactly appropriate and sane. Then I turned and dribbled back into the small unmarked circle of ground where my opponent waited—and where, of course, soccer is actually played.

In addition to the general problem of moving the ball around an opponent, I think the coach had a certain local phenomenon in mind when setting up this drill. In southern Connecticut, if all other things were equal, the victory would always go to the better ball handlers, the Sons of Somewhere clubs. However, from time to time, red-blooded American teams do show up at the top of those *Corriere Di Connecticut* listings. My brother claims that the three "American" teams he has played with have a combined record of 90 wins, 48 defeats and 19 ties. I have my older-brotherly doubts about those figures, but I myself have watched probably 200 local games and I, too, feel that our southern Connecticut boys, outgunned and outmaneuvered, have acquitted themselves admirably. Of the games I have seen, they have won more than half.

What accounts for this, given the foreign players' superior skills? I think it may be that same superiority: their sense of their own excellence has gone to their heads. Between games at league tournaments, contests in accuracy are held. A coach may stand five feet in front and to the extreme right of one goal, while each player tries to curve the ball over his right shoulder and into the goal on the fly. Or perhaps, from a distance of 10 feet, a player attempts to lift the ball into the mouth of an upright garbage can.

These contests have become the exclusive province of the Europeans and Latin Americans (I add with undisguised pride that the Italians do best of all), but once the sharpshooting display is finished and the winning contestant has put away his prize (usually there is nothing to put away—the most common prize is a free meal for two at a club owner's restaurant), he then has to forget about making trick shots and return to playing soccer, a world much less easy to conquer. Those who have played soccer since infancy often arrive at a game expecting not only to win but also to win easily. Too often, if the opponent hangs sufficiently tough, a disastrous late-game petulance sets in among the foreign-born players. I have seen an outstanding Portuguese halfback from Bridgeport, built like a huge flowerpot, whose level of play drops with a thud if a few of his better moves fail to result in quick goals. In a close game, when his best efforts are most needed, he begins instead to run less, to complain of fouls, to dawdle over the ball, to make lazy passes, to neglect what his teammates are doing. I have heard American players pass contemptuous judgment on such opposition: "Giving up now, they're giving up already. . . . The Italians won't run. Jeez, *look* at 'em. . . . Oh, *he*'s not playing any more, he's had it for today. . . . Not even *trying*, look at that. . . ."

It should not be inferred that unpleasant old prejudices are being resurrected in this league. The players do judge each other partially on the basis of ethnic background, but only as players. A team made up largely of sixth-generation New Englanders will try to take advantage of a team made up largely of first-generation New Englanders, and vice versa, each side of course trying to exploit any special weakness the other might have. I perceive no bigotry in that. On the contrary, when one considers the fruitful exchanges between different cultures before and after these games—the barbecues, the sampling of various home-baked and -brewed delicacies, the meeting of sisters and sisters' friends, the lawn-party atmosphere—when one considers all that, well, what we have in this neck of the woods may be nothing less than the latest casting of the melting pot.

There is also the matter of conflicting American and European strategies. In Europe the *catenaccio*, or "Swiss bolt," is still the dominant style of play. Innumerable variations exist, but essentially the *catenaccio* is a defensive approach to the game. The difference may not seem like much at first, because soccer is by nature a low-scoring sport, but the classic *catenaccio* match is more than usually devoid of offensive activity. Plays develop in patterns, and while the ball is being moved around at midfield, many of the players, not having a play and not allowed to initiate one on their own, simply stand around waiting. I do not mean to dismiss the *catenaccio*; an intelligent approach to the game, it has for years stood European teams in very good stead. According to my father, it was the Italians' decision to adopt this style of play that won them their last World Cup in 1938, and one can hardly find fault with the sturdy English World Cup champions of 1966, who likewise depended on an iron defense. But a cardinal rule of soccer is: *when you have a shot, take it*, and an unfortunate side effect of the *catenaccio* has been an erosion of the Europeans' drive to score. An instructive contrast would be the great Brazilian national teams. Brazil has always come equipped with a booming, ceaseless attack, largely because of the stupendous figure of Pelé, who led it to an unprecedented three out of four World Cup championships between 1958 and 1970. Brazil's current forward line of Gil, Marlinho and Revelino continues in Pelé's splendid tradition, penetrating defenses almost at will with the expertise and businesslike mien of three bees poking up and down a row of morning glories. Compared to Brazil, the Europeans often seem listless, fatalistic.

Yet the *catenaccio* continues to have loyal supporters. Many believed for a time that the 1974 Netherlands team, with its rapid-fire "Dutch whirl" offense led by Johan Cruyff (a playmaker and scorer the equal, some claimed, of Pelé), would destroy the *catenaccio* once and for all. But Cruyff and his whirl were beaten when a West German team, playing something quite similar to the *catenaccio*, won the World Cup final 2–1. Who can say what strategy is best, or which approach to the game is most up to date? Whatever the case, the emphasis on patterned play—with all its potential dangers—has filtered down to the level of club teams in small Connecticut cities like Ansonia, Waterbury and Bridgeport.

Against these strategic and psychological elements, the American's most effective weapon is obvious: he has to play with absolute determination against teams fielding a preponderance of foreigners. Because the variance in skills is so drastic, the difference must be made up with aggressiveness and persistence. Because the opposition's game plan depends to an unusual degree on having

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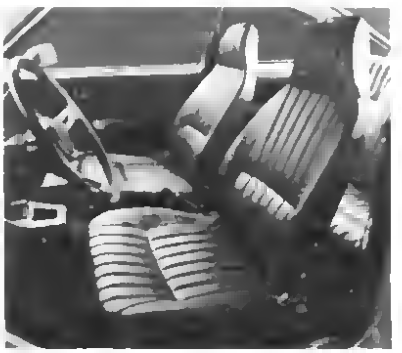

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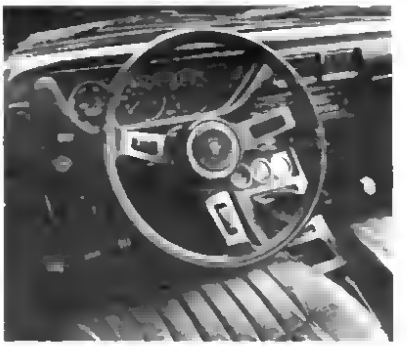

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Soccer *continued*

room to move, the American must pursue, distract and harass. So long as a player can stay with his opponent, the opponent is denied vital operating space. He must either restrict his moves or lose the ball. And so long as that holds true—so long as strength cancels out strength—the game remains up for the taking.

The contrast of American spunk and European *sprezzatura*—disdainful superiority—is exciting to watch and, I believe, without contemporary parallel. One has to think back to the era of barnstorming semipro baseball teams to find an analogous situation with respect to local sports. I have misgivings about making such a comparison, not being old enough to remember the barnstormers, but it is a matter of record that, at one time, baseball talent was so distributed that a good town team—on the strength of confidence, one hard-throwing pitcher and a couple of solid hitters—could be a match for the semiprofessionals who came their way.

High anticipation precedes each of our soccer games. There is always a small roundup of vans and cars just off-field. While the players who arrived in street clothes draw the curtains in one of the vans and change into their uniforms, a picnic table, portable barbecues and coolers are unloaded. Everyone jabbers in about three languages. Girls are introduced, delicacies savored. The conviviality and high spirits continue through the game, and afterwards the great majority of spectators seem happy no matter what the outcome, happy just to have seen a soccer game. Because of all these terrific things, the local contests often seem spiritual kin to the small-town games recalled so fondly by old-time ballplayers in Lawrence S. Ritter's *The Glory of Their Times*. If one can imagine a latter-day Wahoo Sam Crawford arriving for a game in a red Camaro with bazouki music keening over his tape deck, and a young Sam Jones pulling onto the field five minutes before game time in the van from his father's appliance shop, with three teammates in the back and a thermos full of orange juice beside him on the front seat, the flavor of these games may be more completely understood.

Chris and I continued the second drill, advancing and retreating. The coach watched us for the last few minutes. During that time I never lost the ball but

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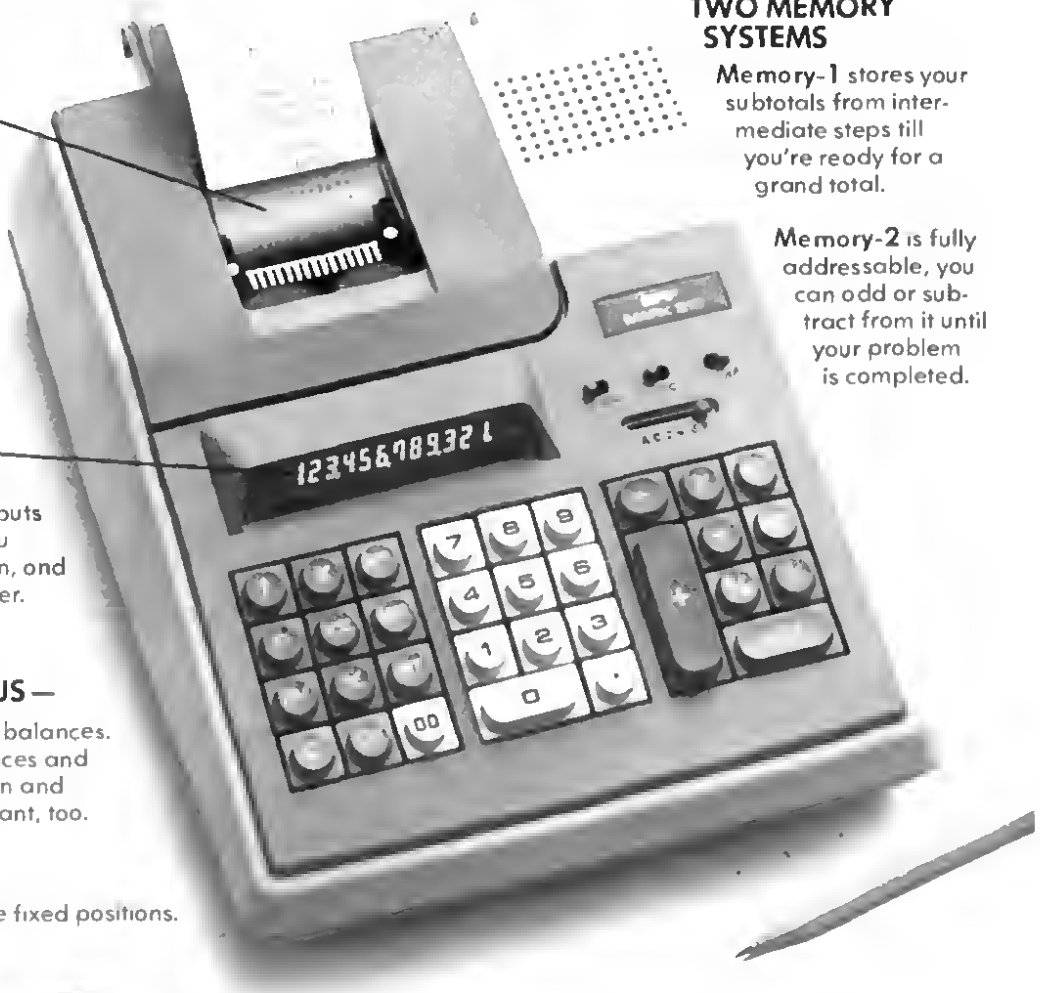

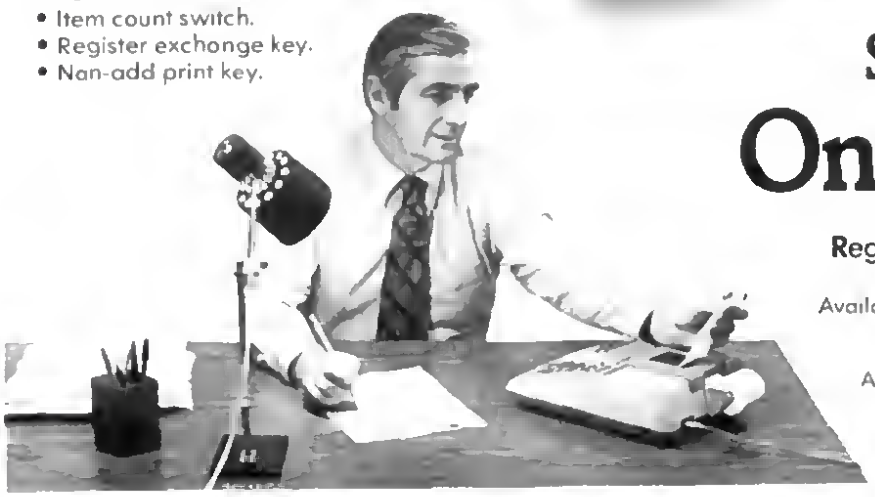

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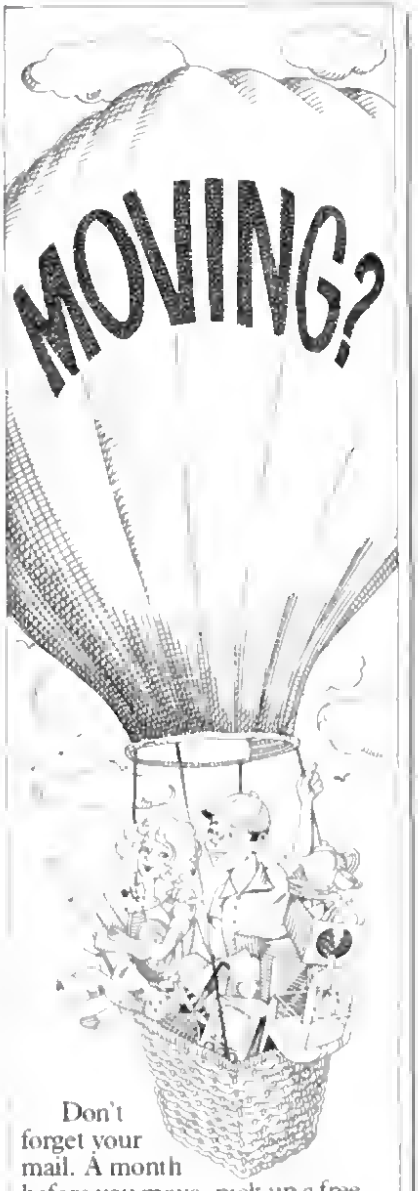

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Soccer *continued*

never succeeded in escaping Chris either. My play was conservative and hesitant. The coach then blew his whistle and announced a rest period. I spent the time with my brother.

"Don't worry," he said.

"Oh," I said, "I'm getting beat too bad to worry."

When the rest period was over, everyone was sent off on another mile run—which was extended, just as we finished, for an additional half mile.

I suppose it should be pointed out that running is soccer's principal activity. My father's nickname when he played in Naples was the Horse, an allusion not to strength or size but to stamina. Here in our league both the endurance and the willingness to run all afternoon long are necessities for the underskilled Americans. More than one team has won by simply outlasting its opponent, and not only at the amateur level. In 1964, an unpolished but militarily trained North Korean team, which ran as if its players had gears where the rest of us have knees and hips, left a far more finely tuned Italian club exhausted and choking. So we ran our additional half mile with only the mildest of complaints and then, blowing and stamping our feet, Horses all, we were set up for the third and final drill.

Like the first, this drill was distantly related to a basic soccer exercise that is usually practiced alone. In it, you try to keep the ball in the air while moving as little as possible from the spot at which you began. It is probably the most difficult form of soccer solitaire. A man doing it must rely on his feet, more than his head, chest or knees, because a blow with the head, chest or knees will as often as not send the ball skying away, rather than popping it up within reach. The feet provide the surest control, if one has mastered their mysteries.

The coach had everyone but the exempted players (whose number had now climbed, dishearteningly, to 10) line up at the outer left corner of the goal area, 18 yards from the goal, and then set Tony, the Buenos Airean, at the outer right corner. Each of the hopefuls, the coach explained, would run along the outside edge of the goal area, receive a throw from him and then boot it around Tony, playing the role of the last defender, into the goal. The coach said he was looking for kicks that would send the ball into the goal on the fly, and that, unlike those in the first drill, his throws this time would come high and hard. We should pretend we were forwards receiving a corner kick. The exempted players were once again to act as sweepers, some behind the goal and some behind us. We were each to get 10 chances.

One could see immediately that very few of us had any idea what to do. An exception was Chris, who leaped up, trapped the ball with his chest and slapped it with his right foot before either he or the ball had hit the ground. Tony was caught a step too far to Chris' right and couldn't recover as a rope screeched into the goal. Great play. But most of us, Chris' example notwithstanding, botched our first chances. I tried to trap the ball with the wrong part of my foot; it sailed away like an angry balloon. Others kicked the ball to Tony or away from the goal. Some tried to head the ball, only to see their shots dropping harmlessly, yards short of the mark. Soon many of the exempted players were sitting on the grass behind the goal, and Tony was walking through his job.

It was a sobering spectacle. All very well to talk about willingness to work and determination to win, but if a player cannot knock down a ball in flight . . .

Yet slowly, without any great change in the general level of play, more attackers began getting off decent shots on goal. Each followed the pattern Chris had established (chest trap, sideways fake, shoot at once), but then there came a man who succeeded even though he broke the pattern. This attacker had taken the ball incorrectly off his chest (his curve was convex, like a West Point plebe at attention, rather than concave, like a doddering old lecturer over his notes) and the rebound flew out of reach. It landed in no-man's-land, equidistant from him and Tony. But this attacker, realizing that to give up the initiative now was to give up his chances of making the team, went after the ball with admirable acceleration and directness. He and Tony converged. But the defender used up an extra half step addressing the ball, while the attacker merely ran through it. The kick was roughly made—off the front rather than the side of the foot—but it sailed untouched into the upper left corner of the goal. Tony's own kick, an instant later, hit his opponent in the calf and the two

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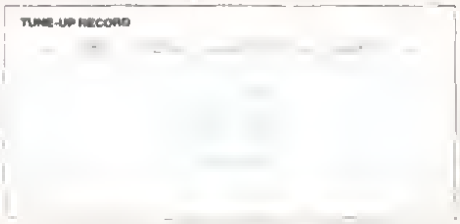

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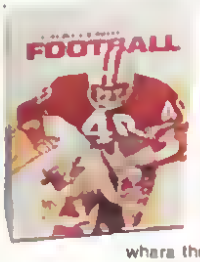

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tumbled to the ground. The man trying to make the team had committed all the momentum, speed and balance he could muster to making his one, splendid, bacon-saving shot.

With that, Tony lost control of the exercise. A vital secret had changed hands: *we had the ball.* During their next couple of chances, more than half the players on trial scored, and while Tony did from time to time wrest the ball away, no one gave it to him. We had seen, many of us for the first time, what a weapon the ball is so close to the goal. It was Tony who had the hard job, not us.

He began making some childish moves, shoving one man and kicking the feet of another. Most of the players continued to fake their way around him, but a few challenged him more directly, and thus these were more insulting if their moves succeeded. On my seventh try, I at last threw off the mincing shyness that had been my albatross and simply ran past Tony, leaving him standing straddle-legged. I finished the dash with my single best shot of the day, an immensely gratifying rip that crossed an inch inside the right goalpost. Tony at once asked to be relieved.

His replacement, unencumbered by 20 minutes' worth of running and irritation, established a more even balance between offense and defense. Whereas all of us had at one time or another gotten past Tony, only seven or eight managed to score off his successor. I was not one of those seven or eight.

At the conclusion of the drill—the conclusion of the tryouts—I heard a few loud sighs, and one player beside me muttered, barely audibly, "Aw, *Jeez.*" These were the only complaints I noticed, not just then but right through the coach's final choices and our exodus from the field as well. Doubtless there were players who felt they had been shortchanged, but no one felt sufficiently moved to protest. In part the general silence was a result of plain fatigue and the rudimentary satisfaction of knowing something is finished. But the reticence was also a result of the excellent soccer training given us in these drills, the third perhaps the most instructive because it afforded such a graphic example of the way competitive scales can swing first one way and then another. The simplicity of soccer—the extent to which a mere change of attitude can affect the outcome—had been borne in on us.

The game is all but devoid of complications. Even the offsides rule, a perennial source of confusion, is nowhere near as involved as hockey's. The action is continuous, and many players are directly involved in each play. An Italian soccer cliche, roughly as old as "Hit 'em where they ain't," goes, "The play was called by everyone." Therefore, the best players are not necessarily the fastest or tallest or strongest but those who are most adaptable and most even-tempered. In a sport where the vast majority of games are decided by one goal, and where the most common score is 3–2, one high-strung player can undo the work of 10 level-headed ones. To yield for a moment to the urge to showboat, on the one hand, or to the urge to concede, on the other, can be swiftly fatal—sporting equivalents of the sins of pride and faithlessness. This is a simple game, and it is best played with simple fidelity. It may be that these unadorned precepts comprise soccer's lesson: the sport constantly reminds its players to be patient and to maintain good habits. A fine lesson, if so.

After the last tryout drill the coach called me and 10 others aside and sent the rest off on a final two-mile run. That was it. My name was one of those he took down as a possible emergency replacement, reminding us meanwhile that soccer was a strange game, etc. and you never know, etc. These rhetorical pats on the back were superfluous so far as I was concerned. My brother, during our ride home, let me know he was prepared to hear complaints ("I thought you made a good showing. Didn't you think you made a good showing?") But I felt no need to respond.

I turned out, as always, to watch the local games during the summer. These were played on that same field at the junior high school, but this never bothered me in the least, although I did suffer the pangs of being an outsider whenever I passed behind the team bench. "Jeez, those Italians," my could-have-been teammates would say to each other, shaking their heads at what was happening. "I just can't figure it out. They won't *run.*" I was never called on, but then I had realized beforehand that nothing short of a rash of broken legs would cause the coach to phone me.

During the summer there was a great deal of talk about soccer being the game of the future in this country. An American soccer boom has been long prophesied and it may well be that its hour has come round at last. The sport's hold on the young is quite strong. Soccer is said to have been the most popular sport among Long Island teen-agers over the last five years, with 10,000 youngsters currently participating in more than 35 organizations. Many papers now devote nearly as much space to schoolboy soccer as to schoolboy football. Attendance at the Cosmos games was booming. And, your reporter on the scene feels obliged to add, attendance at southern Connecticut games was up, too, regularly breaking into three digits.

I am pleased to see such promising signs. There will, of course, be negative aspects to mass popularity, much like those suffered by other professional team sports which have boomed, but perhaps those earlier examples will cause the directors of the NASL and other soccer leagues to act with more intelligence and responsibility than their older brothers in sport. Sobering too is the thought that, as soccer grows, the already thin spread of athletic talent will become thinner still, although the game's appeal to ordinary physical specimens may alleviate the distribution problem. The fact is that we have no sure way of gauging for certain whether or not soccer will become a major sport in the U.S.

In any case, and without meaning in the least to denigrate the possible soccer millennium around the next corner, I cannot help but reserve my greatest fondness for the amateur games played in my area of Connecticut. I stroll along the sidelines and goal lines of an afternoon, noting this weakness and that fine play, observing the clockwork of *catenaccio* against the hardscrabble play of the Americans. A young man named Costa seems to be winning all the between-games sharpshooting contests. Behind everything rises the continual, warming, multilingual buzz of the spectators, along with the smell, equally warming, of their food. Perhaps these games have some unique attractions. Or perhaps they have only one great attraction, which would be simply that anyone can play—even those who watch. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 19-25

BOATING—MARVIN BECKMANN of Houston won the Clifford D. Mallory Cup, emblematic of the U.S. men's sailing championship, off Atlantic Highlands, N.J.

PRO FOOTBALL—The season's first Monday night game was a yawner as Pittsburgh defeated San Francisco 27–0. The flawless Steeler defense yielded just 101 yards and Franco Harris scored two touchdowns and rushed for 100 yards for the 26th time in his pro career. It was another story when the Steelers met Oakland on Sunday. Held scoreless until the final quarter, Pittsburgh lost to the Raiders for the third straight time, 16–7 *(page 22)*. For nearly three quarters the 66,272 fans at Tampa Stadium had something to cheer about. Their Bucs were leading defending NFC champion Minnesota 3–2, but the cheers were silenced when Fran Tarkenton hit Chuck Foreman with a 31-yard touchdown pass to hand the Buccaneers a 9–3 loss, their 16th straight. It was 92° in Dallas, but the Cowboys were even hotter, beating the Giants 41–21. Rookie Tony Dorsett scored his first professional touchdowns on runs of 11 and 34 yards, and Roger Staubach completed 18 of 29 passes for 235 yards and one touchdown. Tight End Charlie Sanders caught a 20-yard touchdown pass from Greg Landry in the third quarter, the 326th reception of his career and a Detroit career record, and Landry connected on a 23-yard scoring pass to J. D. Hill to enable the Lions to defeat New Orleans 23–19. Houston won its second straight 16–10 over Green Bay as Oiler Cornerback Willie Alexander intercepted a tipped pass and raced 95 yards for the winning score with less than five minutes to play. In Kansas City, San Diego won its first game 23–7 over the Chiefs, but not without some misguided derring-do by Charger Defensive Tackle Leroy Jones, who intercepted a pass in the second quarter—and began running the wrong way. After hearing the screams of horrified teammates, he reversed his field and scored, breaking two tackles near the goal line. Jim Hart of St. Louis completed a club record 12 consecutive first-half passes, one a 17-yard touchdown throw to J. V. Cain, as the Cardinals nipped the Bears 16–13. In Los Angeles Joe Namath found the winning touch, passing for two touchdowns and setting up a field goal in the Rams' 20–0 win over Philadelphia. In San Francisco, the 49ers fell to Miami 19–15, Nat Moore catching two touchdown passes and running 19 yards on an end-around for a third. Craig Morton ran for one touchdown and passed for another, and Otis Armstrong rushed for 96 yards as Denver crushed Buffalo 26–6. Denver's defense has yet to be scored upon this season. Cincinnati raced to a 28–0 lead over Seattle and then held off a Seahawk rally before winning 42–20. The Bengals scored on their first three possessions, but Seattle narrowed the margin to eight points in the fourth quarter. It took Kenny Anderson's 32-yard touchdown pass to Isaac Curtis and an 18-yard touchdown throw from Archie Griffin to Lenvil Elliott to ice the game for the Bengals. Washington trimmed Atlanta 10–6 and Baltimore beat the Jets 20–12.

GOLF—MIKE HILL won his first PGA tournament since 1972 by shooting an 11-under par 269 in the $150,000 Ohio Kings Island Open in Mason, Ohio. He finished one stroke ahead of Tom Kite, who shot a final-round 62, tying the course record set by Jack Nicklaus in 1973. Nicklaus failed to make the cut after double-bogeying the 18th on the course he designed.

With birdies on the 10th, 11th and 12th holes, JANE BLALOCK came from two shots off the pace to win the $100,000 Sarah Coventry LPGA Classic in Alamo, Calif., with a 10-under-par 282, three strokes ahead of Debbie Austin and Pat Meyers.

DALE MOREY, 58, of High Point, N.C., became the sixth player to win the USGA senior amateur championship twice by defeating defending champion and two-time winner Lewis Oehmig, 61, of Lookout Mountain, Tenn. at Peabody, Mass.

HARNESS RACING—GOVERNOR SKIPPER ($2.60), driven by John Chapman, won the $150,000 Little Brown Jug in straight heats before a record 39,949 fans at the Delaware County (Ohio) Fairgrounds. His time for the first heat of 1:56¼ was a world record for a 3-year-old pacer *(page 58)*.

HORSE RACING—SAUCE BOAT ($5.60), under Steve Cauthen, won the $232,775 Arlington-Washington Futurity at Arlington Park by two lengths over Gonquin, running the 6½ furlongs in 1:16⅗ on a sloppy track. The $130,665 purse was the richest to date for the 17-year-old rider, who leads the national jockey race with 383 victories worth $4,489,400.

CUM LAUDE LAURIE ($12), Angel Cordero up, took the $110,800 Ruffian Handicap for fillies and mares at Belmont Park, finishing half a length ahead of Mississippi Mud. Carrying only 114 pounds, the 3-year-old filly was clocked in 1:52⅗ for the mile and an eighth over slop *(page 70)*.

MOTOR SPORTS—CALE YARBOROUGH averaged 73.447 mph in his Chevrolet on the half-mile oval at Martinsville, Va. to win the $100,800 Old Dominion 500 for the second straight year. He came in ⅘s of a second ahead of Benny Parsons.

TENNIS—After defeating top-seeded Jeanne Evert in the semifinals, RENEE RICHARDS, 43, beat unseeded 16-year-old Caroline Stoll 7–5, 6–1, to take the $6,000 WTA professional championship in Pensacola.

WEIGHT LIFTING—ROBERTO URRUTIA of Cuba broke two world lightweight (148 pounds) records at the world championships in Stuttgart, West Germany, snatching 314 pounds and lifting a record total of 695.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: BOB FONTAINE, 53, former director of player personnel for the San Diego Padres, as vice-president and general manager of the team, replacing Buzzie Bavasi, 61, who is retiring as president. Bavasi served as vice-president and general manager of the Brooklyn/Los Angeles Dodgers for 17 years before joining the Padres in 1968, when the club began operations.

NAMED: By the Executive Board of the U.S. Olympic Committee: LOS ANGELES as the American entry in the bid for the site of the 1984 Summer Olympics, by a vote of 55-39 over New York City, at Colorado Springs. The site will be decided by the IOC next May.

RETIRED: NATE THURMOND, 36, most recently of the Cleveland Cavaliers, after a 14-year NBA career. The 6′ 11″ center, who played 11 seasons with the San Francisco/Golden State Warriors, took down 14,464 rebounds—fourth most in league history—averaged 15 points a game and was picked for seven All-Star Games.

DIED: SHERM LOLLAR, 53, former American League catcher, of cancer, in Springfield, Mo. Lollar, who spent 12 of his 18 seasons with the Chicago White Sox, had a career batting average of .264 and hit 155 home runs.

DIED: PADDY LIVINGSTON, 97, the oldest surviving player from the American League's 1901 inaugural season, in Cleveland. Livingston made his major league debut as a catcher with the Indians, but played only one game and dropped out of the sport until 1906. He shuttled back and forth between clubs, ending his career in 1917 with the Cardinals.

CREDITS

9—drawing by SOW. 14,15—Walter Iooss Jr.; Rich Clarkson. 16—Tony Tomsic. 17—Rich Clarkson. 18—John Iacono. 19—Tony Triolo. 20—Tony Triolo (left); Manny Millan. 21—Tony Triolo (left); Manny Millan. 22—Walter Iooss Jr. 23—Rich Clarkson. 24—Walter Iooss Jr. 32—Stephen Green-Armytage. 33—Tony Triolo. 42—American Broadcasting Company. 64—Heinz Kluetmeier. 82—John D. Hanlon. 68—Manny Millan. 69—illustration by Saul Lambert. 70—Barton Silverman. 88—Gordon R. Daniels (1).

FACES IN THE CROWD

JUDY STRONG
HATFIELD, MASS.

Judy, 17, a senior on the Smith Academy field hockey team, scored the 100th and 101st goals of her high school career. She has averaged 2.2 goals per game, twice scored as many as seven and just once in 48 games has she failed to score.

DALE HARTZELL
TROY, MICH.

Dale, 15, a junior at Athens High School, won the world junior Frisbee championship in Atlanta, taking the overall distance, straight throw, accuracy, target throw, curve flight, skip flight and back and leg catch events.

TRACEY KENNEDY
HOUSTON

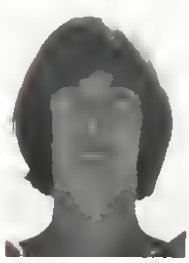
Tracey, 12, won the Houston soccer skills contest for boys and girls 12 and under. A center forward who averages 3.2 goals a game, the seventh-grader led her St. Francis D team to a 38–2–2 record and the 1976 and '77 state championships.

KAREN WHRITENOUR
MINNEAPOLIS

Karen, 12, a seventh-grader at Lyndale Elementary School, won the high jump, the 220 and tied for first in the 100 in the state AAU Junior Olympic meet. Her time of 29.7 in the 220 is faster than that of any boy in her school.

JEFF PEDERSON
GRAFTON, N. DAK.

Jeff, 17, kicked a state-record, 54-yard field goal in his first attempt of the season. The 6′ 1″, 185-pound senior is the starting quarterback, does all the placekicking and punting and also plays defensive end for the 4–0 Class A Spoilers.



CAPT. MARCIA LUTZ
SANTA MARIA, CALIF.

Lutz, 29, chief of air traffic control at Vandenberg AFB, gained All-America Masters diving honors for the second straight year. She is the indoor and outdoor 1977 Grand Masters champion and has won an unprecedented 11 nationals in two years.

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780 SR 2

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

Sir

From all indications in your preseason football scouting reports (Sept. 19) a team's schedule appears to be almost as important a factor as a team's talent in determining what its season record will be. Couldn't the NFL devise a system of scheduling that would give more weight to ability?

Granted, the better teams should not be unduly punished for their prowess by being forced to play only teams of equal strength, and the weaker teams should not play only equally weak teams. However, if a more equitable system were devised, we would not have a situation wherein virtually the same Cleveland Browns squad of 1976 (9-5) will be fortunate to achieve a 7-7 record this year. In addition, the hapless Atlanta Falcons have to play eight playoff contenders, while a strong New England team can almost sleep until the playoffs.

MARK W. RUPERT
Stillwater, Okla.

Sir

I would like to thank the NFL players whom Dan Jenkins polled (*A List of Naughty and Nice*, Sept. 19) for awarding Green Bay first place in the "worst city to spend the night before a game or even to fly a holding pattern over and think about it" category. At least, the Packers will have won something this year.

MIKE HACKETT
Green Bay

Sir

Why is it that everybody takes cheap shots at the Philadelphia fans, as in Jenkins' poll in which they are rated the worst in the league? For years Philadelphia fans have been filling Veterans Stadium to watch the Eagles play football even though they haven't been a winning team. Philadelphia fans are not the only ones around the league to boo their team. But when they do, at least there are 60,000 fans there booing.

MICHAEL A. MARROLETTI
Turnersville, N.J.

Sir

Any pro quarterback that drives a pickup truck, drinks beer and listens to country music deserves the best. I hope Kenny Stabler (*Gettin' Nowhere Fast*, Sept. 19) makes it to another Super Bowl.

ARLAN SEARS
Steamboat Springs, Colo.

Sir

The entire article on Stabler and in particular your choice of pictures is offensive to me as a sports fan. As an educated, [illegible] young men and women, I consider it a [illegible] to think "real men" [illegible] the right to [illegible] bodies with [illegible] and [illegible] as you have [illegible] Stabler doing.

DON CROTTI
Athletic Director
[illegible] Central School
Hannibal, N.Y.

REBELS WITH CAUSE

Sir

From college football reports (Sept. 19): "Bad news: Mississippi lost its last three games (1976) by a combined score of 105-16. Worse news: almost everybody is back."

Almost everybody turned out to be too many for Notre Dame. Your No. 1 pick, Ole Miss won 20-13, and you guys caught a lot of flak. I'm ashamed of yourselves!

W. J. CUPERTON
San Antonio

IRISH STEW

Sir

Since Dan Devine took over in South Bend, Notre Dame football has taken several steps backward. In large part this is because of his very dull and predictable running offense, which is quite a switch from the explosive passing attacks Irish fans were used to for years.

If Notre Dame football is to stay at the top as it has year in and year out, it must replace its weak link.

Dan Devine must go.

ROB BRUGGISSER
Fremont, Ohio

THROWIN' SAMOAN

Sir

Your story about Jack Thompson and the Washington State Cougars (*Mowed Down By a Thompson*, Sept. 19) was well done. Thompson was brilliant, as was the defense that had the Cornhuskers coughing up football as if they were allergic to them. Then I turned the page to look at Players of the Week. I was all set to read about Thompson again. But to the surprise of all Washington, you had Army's Leamon Hall! Heck, I can throw for 310 yards against the University of Massachusetts!

JERRY JOHNSON
Spokane

SAY HEY!

Sir

Check your statistics again (*Year of the Lively Bat*, Sept. 19). Willie Mays had *two* seasons in which he hit more than 50 home runs: 1955 (51) and 1965 (52).

BOB GRANT
Haddon Heights, N.J.

Sir

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

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